

THE DUBLIN MAGAZINE.

Contents for April, 1925.

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The Subscription Rate for THE DUBLIN MAGAZINE is 14s. 6d. per annum, post free to any address.

Subscriptions should be addressed to The Manager, THE DUBLIN MAGAZINE, 7-9 Commercial Buildings, Dame Street, Dublin.

Advertisement copy, and all communications relating to the advertisement pages, should be sent to the Advertising Department, THE DUBLIN MAGAZINE, 7-9 Commercial Buildings, Dame Street, Dublin. The Rates for Advertising Space will be sent on receipt of application.

Dublin: Dublin Publishers, Ltd., 9 Commercial Buildings.
London: Elkin Mathews, Cork Street, W.1.

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CONTRIBUTORS:

Writers.

Æ.	RUTHERFORD MAYNE.
DONN BYRNE.	GERALD MacNAMARA.
HANNA BERMAN.	SUSAN MITCHELL.
THOMAS BODKIN.	SEUMAS O'KELLY.
DANIEL CORKERY.	SEUMAS O'SULLIVAN.
AUSTIN CLARKE.	STANTON PYPER.
PADRAIC COLUM.	JAMES STEPHENS.
S. S. KOTELIANSKY.	MICHAEL SCOT.
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JOHN MacDONAGH.	Etc., Etc.

Artists.

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MARY DUNCAN.	SARAH PURSER.
BEATRICE ELVERY.	ESTELLA SOLOMONS.
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NOTRE DAME DE CONSTANCE
From a Painting
By LUCIEN PISSARRO

THE DUBLIN MAGAZINE

Edited by SEUMAS O'SULLIVAN.

Vol. II.

APRIL, 1925.

No. 9.

Notes of the Month.

The much-delayed Report on Irish hydro-electric power is published so late in the month as to preclude detailed examination in this number. It is welcome simply as one more contribution towards constructive work. But the public would do well to put that word of mystery and portent—electricity—into the back of their minds and concentrate on the real essentials of the problem. It is a problem mainly for Irish statesmen and Irish civil engineers. The mere production and distribution of electric energy is really a technical detail, and on these matters advice from foreign sources is as welcome as it is essential. Technic is indeed international. But as to what rivers are to be harnessed, and in what order, and to what extent, should be left to our Irish engineers with the guidance of Irish statesmen. Nearly a century ago an English administrator, great in his own country, had a brief tour in Ireland. The result was the imposition on Ireland of a Poor Law system which was a curse. So we should deal with caution with the results produced by other tourists. It is astonishing how little attention is paid to hydro-chemical enterprises in the Report. The subject is almost ignored. And yet every Irish farmer requires fertilisers. He has to pay for them—mostly imported material. If the Irish farmer could see Irish nitrogen turned into fertilisers for his Irish fields by Irish water power, the prospect would be more attractive to him than cheap electric light—which he probably does not want, or still cheaper electric power to drive machinery which he does not possess.

* * * * *

A correspondent from Rome writes: "A theatre inspired by Pirandello is in course of formation at Rome, and I hear that one of the plays to be given at it will be chosen from the repertory of Lord Dunsany. Pirandello, some of whose work has been shown at the Abbey Theatre, appears to hit Northern taste, and he has had seasons in London and in New York; a complete English edition of his novels and plays is in course of publication. In Italy the author of *Henry IV.* and the series of *Little Stories for One Year* is also much talked of; but there is, I understand, a strong party which regards this philosopher of illusions as himself an illusionist. Pirandello himself—fame did not come to him 'till he approached his sixtieth year—regards all his contemporaries with a George Moore-like disrespect."

* * * * *

"I do not know how Lord Dunsany will fare in Rome; but I asked about Synge, and was told that his plays in Italian translation had met with only a moderate appreciation. I don't myself believe that national differences are so

great as to make a masterpiece in one European country incomprehensible in another, and I incline to suspect that where Synge has 'failed' on the Continent, the cause has been a technical one or accidental; nowhere is he a playwright for the multitude. But Italians at present are, one observes, rather intent on stressing nationality in matters of the mind and of art. Apropos of this, my interlocutor handed me a book by Antonia Baldini, a Roman writer, entitled *Michelaccio*, saying that here was something which, though very Italian, might bring with its fantasy echoes of home to northern ears. *Michelaccio* is a pleasantly improbable tale presenting of Italian character in its discrete, patient aspects, contrasting with the violence of politics and of big business and with modern nationalist solemnity. The wayward narrative rather reminded me of Mr. P. O'Conaire's Irish work. Another book which I read at the same time was Panzini's *La Vera Lottoria dei Tre Colori* (the true story of the Italian Tricolour); and it, too, referred my thoughts to Ireland. The book is a sort of sketch, deliberately inconsequent of the rise of the modern Italian nation; it has no 'argument,' seeks to prove nothing, least of all a moral prejudice, and concentrates on the human element rather than on the political. Here is a treatment, indulgent, witty and affectionate, to which our own history would respond admirably."

* * * * *

"I believe Irish politicians are often accused by journalists who use words inaccurately, of dwelling too much in the realms of 'abstraction' and 'metaphysics.' The contrary is the truth; in our politics we never get away from the common fact, lavishing on it a care and invention similar to that which our early monks lavished on the illuminated manuscripts. It is this care and invention which we give the common fact that our journalists call metaphysics and abstraction. Italy, on the other hand, is a country in which one finds a great deal of theoretical criticism in politics; and this criticism is not left to persons outside the fight, but is indulged in by actual participants. Thus, Signor Croce has just published in the *Critica* a philosophical defence of Liberalism as against Socialism and Fascism, in which he questions the reality of Fascism as a category of abstract political thought, concluding that it represents not a principle in genuine opposition to Liberalism, but merely a reaction. On the other hand, Croce's old collaborator, Gentile, also a Hegelian, is a champion of the Fascist idea; and the respective pronouncements of the two men arouse as much attention in the Press as a speech by Mussolini. Their fortunes, too, change with changes in Government, for Croce was Minister of Education in the last Liberal Government, and Gentile Minister of Education in Mussolini's first Cabinet. Imagine what attention a metaphysician in Trinity College would be given were he to publish an essay on the subject of Sinn Fein as an 'absolute category' or 'historical category'! None."

* * * * *

"This incursion of the abstract thinker into politics tends in Italy to raise spirits instead of (as I imagine it would do at home) to lower them. It is far from inducing Italian journalists to imitate the staid dignity of Anglo-Saxon political controversy; they are quite as lively as a 'Celt' on the platform. Here is one comment on the learned Neapolitan thinker from a journal of advanced Fascist imperialism; 'To Croce,' says the writer, 'I have given the most picturesque epithets: I have called him pachydermatous, a philosophical swine, a quintal of Hegelian lard. It is not enough.'"

In Memoriam: George Sigerson.

By SHANE LAMBERT.

“Tá ceo dubhach ar gach sliabh
Ceo nach dtáinig roimhe riamh;
Tá ciúineas duairc ann um nóin,
Acht amháin trom-ghuth an bhróin.

NONE could voice the nation's grief for the death of George Sigerson aright save one of those old bardic poets whom he himself loved so well. In another age some MacCuaigh would have sung the *feartlaoi*, the “grave lay” of the dead scholar; *eigse Fáil* would have lamented his passing.

Sigerson was of the mettle of the Four Masters or Keating or O'Curry. He upheld the tradition of Gaelic scholarship in our indifferent days. The old instinct of courtliness and of loyalty was in his every gesture and his every word. In his presence we were in the presence of the Ireland that was before the Famine, and heard accents that might have fallen from the lips of the great Jacobite gentlemen that were the Wild Geese. It was Sigerson's part in Irish history to form a living bridge between old Ireland and the nascent Gaeldom which will assert itself to-morrow. In his long lifetime he saw Ireland descend from her old-time vigour—that lives grotesquely in the pages of Carleton and in the traditions of old families—to the very depth of self-oblivion; and he saw—himself he hastened—the beginning of recovery.

In Sigerson's boyhood Gaelic was spoken in every county in Ireland. The opulent imaginings which we of to-day treasure so much in little fragments, printed in fugitive pamphlets, were the familiar life of the race. He saw the generation rise which deserted and despised the old tongue; he saw the “National” Schools debauch the intellect of an ancient race; he saw the headlong tide of emigration and the whelming up of a nation's despair. Against these things that fine old Fenian scholar fought. In his rich mind, not the oral tradition alone, but the literary heritage of old Ireland lived in haughty splendour. His patriotism was no miserable destructive creed, no tribal jealousy, no lust of hatred: it was a positive, proud affirmation, a happy loyalty to ancient things.

Of Sigerson's versatility of genius I do not speak, for I know little of his attainments—though they were great—in matters of science. Nor will I write of how he brought a sort of passionate learning to the aid of his nation in certain political struggles. By these things, indeed, he earned a Fenian burial that a miserable generation forgot to render to his remains. Shame should burn in every young man of these days at the thought that men were found among them who could be so ungrateful, so impious,

as to threaten that incarnation of the Gaelic spirit with violence. I will but say, on these scores, that no riper life ever was lived for Ireland.

While he lived, we never did Sigerson justice as a writer. He was so old—much of his best work was done when our fathers were boys—his figure was so familiar to us from our youth—that, as it were, we took him for granted. Doctrines that he propounded in days when they were almost revolutionary, were accepted as commonplace truths in the years when we were forming our ideas. We find it hard to-day to disentangle from our own mental make-up, thoughts which are derived from him and which are almost axioms. Perhaps we will never realise how far Sigerson's inspiration has pervaded Irish intellectual life. One thing may be stated with assurance—and it is typical of Sigerson's work—namely, that his anthology of Gaelic poetry in translation, *Bards of the Gael and Gall*, has stamped the impress of his mind on modern Irish criticism.

Now this book is Sigerson's monument. In examining it we find an image of the Irish mind, the thought of the race, the eidolon of the nation faintly but distinctly limned. It is a good book—one of the three or four best Irish books. Let us turn its pages now ; but first let us dispose of fault-finders.

Now Sigerson had an amiable weakness for tracing every good thing in the world to an Irish origin. Dante—according to him—owed not merely a grain of suggestion, but his whole masterpiece to Fursey, the Irish Saint and visionary. Milton derived his epic from our forgotten Sedulius. So, too, Rabelais got his Gargantua from our MacConglinne. In the Notes in Sigerson's great book it is cunningly argued that the story of Deirdre was devised originally as a play—the first great drama of the barbarian nations. With fantastic ingenuity he would argue such cases as these. He suggests that modern engineering was anticipated in ancient Ireland, since a romance talks of a magical boat of copper. Spiteful critics called Sigerson's an academic mind. They missed the truth ; they fell into the trap ; and they never realised that Sigerson was but half serious. In reality, he was attacking the established contempt for Ireland by shewing how easily a contrary case could be argued. Men ignorant of Gaeldom said that Gaelic literature was poor and worthless. Sigerson, a scholar, argued that it was opulent and precious—and he defied the sciolists to disprove his contentions. They failed and were abusive ; Sigerson laughed.

He had a dry, chuckling sense of humour ; and there never was a less academic mind than his. That amazing learning never made him obscure or pedantic, but rendered him the more interesting and fascinating even to the ignorant. His *Gael and Gall*, which translates the choicest Irish poetry from the legendary Amergin down to O Longain, the poet of '98, is a work that can be read with satisfaction by even the ignorant, although close study does but deepen admiration for its fidelity, its beauty and its charm.

If Sigerson's learning was unpretentious, his art had the quiet dignity of the classic style. No Dry-as-dust could have given us the Gaelic classics in so lucid and easy a fashion ; and few poets of the modern school have written with his absence of affectation and of mannerism. The very fact that Sigerson's renderings from the Gaelic were so calmly apt caused him to lack honour from those who are all for the " individual note," the pose, the fantastic and startling adjective, the novel rhythm, the revolutionary moral code. The crudities of " jazz " are but the accentuation of the revolt against the classic which began among the refined but decadent. Sigerson was of the robust old school.

It must be granted, indeed, that he seldom rose to an inspired *abandon*. Mangan and Walsh differed from Sigerson, not as do the decadents, but in the intensity of their passion. When we read Mangan's rendering of the " Ode to the Maguire " or Walsh's " Song of the Penal Days," we find more of the heady wine of poetry than in Sigerson's books. The contrast may be seen in special sharpness in Mangan's and Sigerson's translations from the Munster poets. Yet none of the translators—passionate Mangan, racy Walsh, Rolleston in one moment of vision, Ferguson in felicitous verses—though they soared beyond Sigerson's range of flight, could or did give us what he gave us : a steady, proportioned insight into the *corpus* of Gaelic literature.

Almost amazing is the fidelity of Sigerson's renderings from Old Irish. I do not know whether he was a scholar in the ancient dialect or merely relied on philologists ; but it remains true that a collation of the original with Sigerson's rendering of Cuchulain's lament over Ferdiad reveals a literal correspondence of sound and sense which would seem to be beyond linguistic possibility :

Play was each, pleasure each,
Till Ferdiad faced the beach ;
Loved Ferdiad, dear to me :
I shall dree his death for aye ;
Yesterday a Mountain he,—
But a Shade to-day.

So down the centuries—the Fenian cycle, the early Christian poems, the Bardic odes, the copious syllabic songs—all are interpreted with an uncanny fidelity. Sigerson passes over some famous Gaelic pieces, such as the " Lament over Timoleague Abbey "—the Gaelic analogue of Gray's Elegy—probably because he cared not to compete with existing translations. Hence his book has gaps in it if it is to be considered as a comprehensive anthology. On the other hand, he has translations from many poets who, but for him, would be less than names. Did he not save for us O Longain and the tradition that he fought in '98 ? Where, but for Sigerson (and a passage in O'Grady) do we come on the name or memory of O Leannain ? Sigerson's knowledge of modern Irish was thorough,

and he spoke it with a pleasing Northern tang. He does in some measure—what Dr. Hyde and Miss Hull wholly failed to do—justice to the Northern poets. The fact that the Gaelic revival has been fortunate in finding champions in the rich *Gaeltacht* of Cork and Kerry has caused a disproportionate interest in the Munster poets; so that these virile, large-minded men, O Neachtain, MacCuaigh, MacCuarta, have lacked due honour, and their works have exerted less than their proper influence.

Now Sigerson's grouping of the Gaelic schools of verse—his division of the historical movements in our literature—has moulded this generation's conception of the Irish past. Research and criticism are filling in our knowledge of Gaelic letters, and in a few years' time Sigerson's conspectus of Irish poetry will require revision. But it will have served its turn. In an age of darkness over the Plain of Conn, he carried the lantern. When knowledge of the Irish vision had almost perished, he taught us precious lessons. Most of all did he teach the unity of the Irish tradition. His book shewed us Irish literature, with its steady evolution through various phases, an undivided stream. He shewed us primitive poems that mirrored the same Ireland as late songs, and made us realise that Amergin, Colmcille, the contending bards, the wandering Raftery, and the anonymous makers of the songs we sing beside the burning turf, are all one nation, and that our heritage to-day comprehends all that was thought and said finely in all the Irish past.

May Colmcille welcome you, George Sigerson; and may your memory be forever green in Eire!

Notes on the North of Italy: Autumn 1921.

By J. M. HONE.

MILAN, September.—A night in a hotel with a look at the great Cathedral has been all my previous experience of Milan. It is a town with which I am not acquainted, and I am staying here for the first time for more than a few hours. Milan is not tourist-ridden; still on account of its exceptional position on the European railway system—on direct routes to Paris, Rome, Berlin, and the East—there are few visitors to Italy who have not been in Milan. They look at the Cathedral, the Breza, and Lenardo's "Last Supper" in the Delle Grazie, and pass on quickly to Venice, or Rome, or Florence.

I met an Irish friend here by chance, and he told me he had spent months in Milan without exhausting its antiquarian, its historical and its artistic interest. Dozens of things to be seen; beginning with the Castello Sforzesca or Palace of the Sforzas, and San Ambrogio. We went together to the Castello—and to the racecourse outside the town. The Castello was founded originally by the Visconti, and its present form reproduces the patron palace of the Sforzas, the "tyrants" who succeeded the Visconti at Milan, and lived such stormy lives. All is now very orderly, the interior of the palace being dedicated to a museum and side-shows of modern art and industry. The place has been admirably restored, and is a truly grand and lovely model of mediæval achievement; but a model, and not the thing itself. These powerful walls and spacious courts, with their galleries, represent but do not evoke the past. All memories of Ludivoco Il Moro, patron of Leonardo, and of his wife, Beatrice d'Esti, seem to have gone, banished perhaps by the curators with their museum, which is an excellent one, by the way, and contains the noble recumbent statue of Gaston de Foix. Ludovico and Beatrice live in the pages of Merejowski's book, but not here.

I suppose that one racecourse is very like another. That of Milan is a vast enclosure on the vast Lombard plain. The heat there in summer must be terrible; now in autumn the contrasts of light and shade are very great. Many of the horses running had Irish pedigrees. One backed these correctly, but without much profit, at the Government booths, which are like a series of ticket-offices. When the Government gives the odds, even the luckiest will not make a fortune—though this system of control secures the general public against foul play.

On our return to the hotel we found an English visitor, calling on my friend. He had been in Milan a year, studying music. Milan, said he, is no place to live in. A lonely spot, and no society. Not like Rome, where

you have the British Embassy, or like Florence, with its residential British population. The weather, however, resembles that of London, or is said by Italians to do so, on account of the grey fog that so often envelops the Lombard plain in winter.

On another day I visited Trêves, the great Italian publishers, whose bookshop is in the Galleria, that spacious yet always crowded arcade off the Piazza del Duomo, and spent a part of the morning there enquiring for books called to mind by Milan. Nothing that I came for did I get ; but I left the shop with Stendhal's *Memoires d'un Touriste*, Merejowsky's novel, *Leonardo di Vinci*—and for chief purchase an edition in English of Bishop Berkeley's collected works. *Le Cinque Giornate di Milano*—recommended to me by my Irish friend, a namesake of the great Bishop, as a splendid account of the rising against the Austrians in 1848—is out of print. I remembered reading somewhere that Stendhal, the French novelist, was a lover of Milan, choosing it out from among the cities of that Italy in which, as an apostle of energy and passion, he delighted and that the descriptive “ Milanese ” was engraved on his tombstone. But the *Memoires d'un Touriste* do not record a visit to this city, and Trêves knows of no “ life ” in which I can look up the reference. Stendhal's novel, *La Chartreuse de Parme*, opens, however, with reflections and descriptions of life in Milan at the time of the Napoleonic invasion.

It was on the 15th May, 1796, that Bonaparte entered Milan, and roused a slumbering people by miracles of endurance and genius, showing the Milanese that they must love something with “ real passion,” and exposing the absurdity of that Imperial régime to which they had been “ loyal subjects,” corrupt and weakly licentious, since the Middle Ages. He imposed a fine of 6 million francs upon the town as a contribution of war ; but it was a small price to pay, says Stendhal, for the mass of happiness and pleasure brought to Lombardy by the French soldiers, all of them under twenty-five years of age—their Captain only twenty-six.

Paris, Rome, Venice, have each a unique sensuous beauty, compounded of shape, sound and colour ; and this beauty is independent, I think, of associations, or of one's acquaintance, profound or superficial, with their life and history. That to be in their streets is a pleasurable sensation distinct from any other, unmistakable. Milan is not in that category of cities ; and though prepared to “ love the lovely that are not beloved,” I cannot feel, as a mere visitor, its special charm. Most abiding in the memory, among the spectacles of its every-day life, will be the little trams circling at their terminus round the Piazza del Duomo, beneath the shadow of the great Cathedral. Of the busy streets converging upon the Piazza, some are wide and modern, others old and narrow ; but none has particular character, and it is pleasant to escape from their traffic into the quiet backwater, in breadth a mere laneway, that leads between tall, silent mansions, now mostly warehouses, from the Corso Emmanuele to Vic Manzoni. Through open gateways one catches a glimpse of planted courtyards,

always a fresh surprise. There are many such backwaters in this crowded city and many such little gardens.

When I arrived in Milan it was at an early hour of the morning, and crowds, coming to town for their day's work, hung on to the steps of the trams in front of the station. Where, one wonders, were they from? For Milan is a lonely town on its wide plain, a town without anything that corresponds to what we call suburbs. Our houses at home become lower as we reach the outskirts of a city; but the approach to the outskirts of Milan is marked by opposite features. There are great spaces where the ground has been turned up for projected new buildings. The town encroaches upon the country, and all growth of shrub and grass is suspended. Here and there in the desolation, among the otherwise unfilled spaces, rise immense structures to the height of five or six storeys: flats for the rich or tenements for the poor. The housing crisis in Italy is being energetically attacked; but these edges of her great cities are bare of charm.

Italians praise Milan, or at the least speak well of it. This is their London. It is the town in which a young man of energy and brain has the best chance of making his fortune: the centre of the rich and progressive Italy. At the same time a social capital, with its local nobility, its men of letters, its artists, its musicians. In political importance Milan rivals Rome, and Mussolini, in the first hours of his triumph, had, it is said, the thought of transferring parliament here, which might have been a backhanded compliment, considering the Duce's attitude towards parliaments. He has a Milanese constituency; the heart of Italian Socialism is also here; and here, too, is produced the greatest of Italian newspapers, the liberal *Corriere della Sera*. One must remember, however, that Italy is not yet an unitarian State after the manner of France and England. Local life dies hard. Milan has an incontestable industrial supremacy. Politically, it is Rome's equal. Socially, Turin, Rome, Florence, are its rivals; intellectually, Florence, Rome, Naples, Turin.

Milan to Venice: September.—On the main line to Venice are several considerable towns: Brescia, Verona, Vicenza, Padua. Fast trains run without a stop to Brescia through a rich, flat country of large, isolated farms which cultivate the silk-worm, a chief source of the wealth of Milan. The Alps are distant on the northern horizon. But at Brescia one is suddenly among the hills, and the train is soon travelling along Garda, strangest and most varied of the Italian lakes, now since the war wholly Italy's. Here are long, low shores, and great expanse of blue. The head of the lake is far off, past sinister cliffs, hidden by cloudy peaks where the mountains close in on Riva. At Decenzano the all-but-island Scimio reposes, calm and bright, a grove of olives in the laughing water. Scimio is clearly seen from the train, but Salò and Gardone, on the opposite shore, lie concealed in a recess of the lake, confronting the eastern sun, backed by a high wall of mountain. There the poet, d'Annunzio, lives and works, and there will be found the best climate in Europe.

The train leaves the lake at Peschiera, and one is soon in that amphitheatre among hills decorated by the cypress, where Verona lies, a town to visit, as everyone knows, full of curious and lovely things, Shakespearian, but as seen from the railway embankment on this early autumn day, its dust-driven streets are not inviting. Vicenza, in passing, looks more attractive. Evelyn, in his diary, calls it a gracious town, and tells of its famous palaces. Palladio was a Vicenzese. Once Vicenza and Brescia were bitter enemies; and their feuds suited the book of imperialist Venice. Brescia, Verona, Vicenza, Padua had each their own intellectual life, their own school of painting, their own polity; but these things had disappeared long before Italy became a modern nation, and unification destroyed little that was worth preserving. The provincial towns, in North Italy at least, have adapted themselves excellently to the conditions of the modern world, building fine new streets, seeking after hygiene and material well-being, leaving their "pasts" to the foreigner or the connoisseurs of old romance. Italians live in the present, and can even bring religion into their politics, with a dramatic, positive effect. So I have seen the words: "Long live Jesus," covering the walls of a village where the Catholic and Popular Party is strong: an effective counter to Mussolini's claim for complete allegiance.

Only for the provincial gentry must life have lost some of its savour under the new conditions. They still live, many of them, in their own town palaces; but nowadays, more and more, the roads of fashion lead to Rome. Still, to this day, northern Italians, when first they go out to see the world, make Paris or Vienna their destination, not Rome. One has heard of Italians, persons of leisure and means, who have never seen the capital of their country.

Vicenza has woods about it, and its environs on every side are charming: meadows lined with mulberries, planes and poplars and, for picturesque effect, many little castellated hills of the characteristic Italian kind. On the left, before reaching the town, one is shown the ruins of the castles of the Capulets and Montagus, on their separate peaks. There is a lovely autumn atmosphere upon the landscape; and yet everything is still fresh and green owing to the exceptional rains of the late summer.

Beyond Vicenza, far off to the south, the blue Euganean hills rise out of the plain in their singular shapes. Insubstantial, almost fairy-like, they are exotics among Italian mountains. Shelley, seeing them from the Lido at Venice, was reminded of "clumped isles"—isles of the Pacific ocean. Then the towers of Padua . . .

Padua: October.—Tourists and sightseers come to Padua; but it is possible to visit the Giotto, Mantegna and the shrine of St. Anthony in a few hours and return to Venice the same day. Hence the hotels as places of residence are not up to the American mark. The restaurants, on the other hand, are good, and so are the book-shops. There are plenty of rich people in Padua, which accounts for the good food. The University accounts for the excellence of the book-shops, and also for the number

of bicycles seen in the streets. I do not know what accounts for the misery of the cabhorses.

One would not guess that one was in the busiest town, industrially, on the line Milan-Venice ; but this, I am told, is the fact. The town has not assumed the appearance of modernity, and so gives pleasure to many romantic souls. Padua has an immensely long history, and can show plenty in its stones to prove it. But, probably because of the comparative infrequency of visitors, Paduans do not bother themselves much over their heritage of the picturesque, and much that is mediaeval and fine in the town lies rotting, or is put to incongruous contemporary uses. St. Anthony's memory is, however, well preserved. He evidently is "racy of the soil," and his shrine in the Church of St. Santo is seldom deserted. This church is on the edge of the town, in a rather desolate surrounding rendered tawdry by little shops plying a trade in mementoes of the Saint ; but the immense mass itself, with the great domes, is impressive, and the rider outside the porch is one of the most beautiful equestrian statues in Italy. For contrast, five minutes walk from the Church of St. Santo brings one to the oldest botanical gardens in the world, where tall oaks and beeches of enormous age provide—at least in the October twilight—a melancholy that is of the North and not of Italy. Goethe was here and conceived, contemplating a palm that is still shown, one of the most important of biological theories.

Nowadays, to change the subject, going round the world is no uncommon feat. If one meets some one engaged in doing it, one may be mildly interested, but hardly is one's imagination so stimulated that one desires to contribute a humble part of the expenses. And less so if one is only a "writer," because he who intends to round the globe, will presently write a book about his voyage. Signor Bosman, journalist of Rotterdam, must have been of sanguine temperament when leaving Holland for a tour of the world. He supposed that by "presenting a card" at the various stages of his voyage he would be materially aided upon his way. He had left Rotterdam in April, 1923, had passed through Holland, Belgium and France on foot, had "visited" America, England, Spain and Africa, and was now, on the night of the 1st October, 1924, in Padua. He emerged, an evidently Nordic figure, out of the thick smoke of Padua's café, the largest in Italy, "presenting" his card, with photograph of himself and his wife on one side, and on the other a description of his achievements and intentions:

AROUND—THE—WORLD—FOR—STUDY.

Presents—this—Card—to—cover—the—expenses.

A hard life. To have to travel all day, and every evening to do a round of cafés, to "cover the expenses." But Signor Bosman looked well and

cheerful. Two thousand pounds, he told me, was his estimate of the cost of going round the world. My table was the last he visited ; then an undaunted figure, wide-a-wake hat and puttees, he passed briskly out into the night.

Venice : October.—Loveliest of weather. From a letter which comes from Ireland : “ And ‘ who with heart in breast ’ would want to leave the gay lagoon to look at a lot of dingy old pictures, though if some of them were cleaned up they would be livelier.” Simultaneously the Futurist Congress at Milan has decreed (third item of its programme) the demolition of Venice—gay lagoon and all

Poetry :

THREE POEMS By PATRICK KELLY.

Kathleen O'Hara.

I.

Oh ! then, Kathleen O'Hara,
Why came you by my way ?
You've cross'd the light of mornin'
An' sent a strand astray.
Now you or I must catch the beam
Before the sun goes down,
But we'll find it in a meadow
A mile from Clifden Town.

II.

Ah ! then, Kathleen O'Hara,
A fairy song you sing !
With you, to seek a sunbeam,
I walk'd a fairy ring.
An' I forgot the strand you stray'd,
Until the sun went down,
So it died within a meadow
A mile from Clifden Town.

The Cuckoo's Weather.

Now the wind-wild weather
Of the cuckoo is here ;
Tremblin' is the heather
Upon the hill in fear—
Ah ! the weather of the cuckoo
Is very, very drear.

Now, the wet, wild weather
Of the cuckoo is here ;
But the bird, O heather,
Is callin' out the year ;
An' the blossom of the hawthorn
Is very, very near.

Now the wild, wild weather
Of the cuckoo is fled,
An' the cuckoo's feather
To-morrow will be shed—
But to-morrow brings a blossom,
Let you an' I be dead.

Dusk and Dawn.

I'll up an' turn my old grey coat,
An' find a holly tree ;
An' then I'll build a little boat
To sail upon the sea.
'Tis to an island I will go,
With you, on tide o' spring,
To hear a mermaid sing, Dan Jo,
To hear a mermaid sing.

We'll wait until the moon is high
At twelve o'clock at night,
Then off we'll travel, you an' I,
Nor eat a single bite.
We'll search a path that you don't know,
('Tis hidden in the grass),
An' watch the fairies pass, Dan Jo,
An' watch the fairies pass.

I'll rise at dawn the First o' May
To seek the lovely gold
The fairies made from sun-kissed spray
When I was seven years old—
So we may build—all white like snow—
Before the winter rain,
A castle house in Spain, Dan Jo,
A castle house in Spain.

Madness.

By GEOFFREY PHIBBS.

Drip, drip from bright green liverwort and moss
 That cover all the stone :
Drip, drip from sunless faded leaves of fern :
 Perpetual monotone,
Drip drip, drip drip. And all around green gloom :
 The incantation of a spell—
“ Drip . . . drip.” One fluttering yellow moth,
 Pale guardian of the well,
From some cold crevice near the water's edge,
 With slow uncertain flight,
Crosses, ghost-like reflected,
 Seeking less light.
And deep, deep down thro' the clear water float,
 Bloodlessly white,
Slain surely by that cold cruel shadowy moon
 Only last night,
Two silver carp. I know that if I should stay
 All power would slip
From my frail mind . . . Green gloom, green gloom . . .
 Drip drip, drip drip,
 Drip . . .

The Fox.

By GEORGE MANNING-SANDERS.

JOSHUA WHITE, a bankrupt farmer who lived alone, awoke with the sense that something was wrong. The night was very still ; lying in bed listening, he could hear the prattle of the stream flowing down from the moors to the sea. But though the quietness should have reassured Joshua, it did not. After listening till he could only hear the loud pulsings in his ears, he got up stiffly from his bed and shuffled to the window. Stars lit the fields and woods ; a revolving light on a distant headland flashed and vanished, flashed and vanished, while the old man craned his neck awkwardly around the little window. Certainly nothing moved in his neglected garden ; he looked sideways at his neighbour's squat cottage, showing dimly in the midst of its neat flower and vegetable beds. Nothing stirred there either ; and above the sound of the fussing stream there was nothing to be heard except the far away, mournful barking of a fox in the valley.

Joshua went down the twisting stairs to the door ; he peered across at his neighbour's cottage, thinking that one or other of his neighbours might be ill. But no light shone there, and so at last, very cold and curiously disturbed, Joshua went back to his bed again, reflecting that he had taken too many glasses of beer at the village inn, and making the very old resolution that he would give up drink altogether.

He arose soon after dawn with an uncomfortable remembrance of that night awakening. He shuddered as he thought of it—such an unusual happening must surely be a forerunner of some dreadful, wasting illness. He dressed quickly, and going downstairs busied himself in the kindling of a fire. Directly it was alight he did as he always did—he went outside to look up at the chimney to assure himself that there was plenty of smoke. And while he stood looking up into the drizzle, he heard voices in his neighbour's garden, close to where it joined his own.

“ Yes, he'll die in an hour for sure, and mind out, Emma, that you don't go nigh the savage little critter, for one of 'em took off a chap's finger t'other day—just like snapping off a carrot. So look out now, and let it die off there, and keep watch that no dogs do drag it away.”

“ Is there any value in the skin and the brush at all, then, Nicholas ? ”

“ Now, I couldn't rightly say, woman, but I'll find out this day up at the farm, and if there is—why, so much the better.”

Joshua, tremulous with curiosity, went to the hedge and, mounting it, looked into his neighbour's garden. The farm labourer, Nicholas, and his flat-faced wife stood side by side looking down at the brown, convulsive body of a fox.

"My days!" cried Joshua loudly, as he slid over the hedge, "it was that poor thing that did stir me from sleep then?"

"No, Mr. White, sir," said Nicholas almost respectfully, "because my woman here is the lightest sleeper in the seven parishes, and she never once stirred, I'll swear, all the night long."

"How come it so?" said Joshua, rubbing a distressed hand over his clean-shaven lips.

"Trapped," said Nicholas, casually.

"How do you know so much?"

"You can see for yourself, the teeth of the trap is closed on his front foot still, and there's the chain and the stake and all, that he's most like been hauling over fence and moor these three days."

"Well, then, the thing to do is to free the creature from the iron, and carry it to warmth, and give it a chance of life," said Joshua, moving toward the small brown body.

"Do no such thing, Mr. White, for I can see that it'll not live more than a short space, and if you go tampering he'll nip you—he showed his teeth at me when first I saw him. Yes, I was just going off to work when I heard him whimper, and there he was, crockied down breathing his last—just like he is now."

"Can't leave him there to die," mumbled Joshua.

"Now, don't you take on, sir, for it's all in a way of nature, as you might say, that this poor soul has got into such trouble," said Nicholas, winking at his stolid wife.

"I can't abear it," said Joshua, "that the little thing should lie out in the wet to die; I'll know no peace of mind unless I free his maimed limb, and shelter and succour him."

"All right, do as you've a fancy to do, Mr. White, sir, and when I come back from work this night, I'll step in along to your place for to fetch the carcase away."

"So do then—but he may be alive and kicking then," said Joshua in childlike delight.

Before the labourer was out of sight Joshua was hauling a hen coop over the hedge from his own garden. He put hay in the bottom of it, and then, going to the convulsively breathing fox, he spoke to it as if it had been a child, and with strong hands he lifted the inconsiderable weight and laid it tenderly in the coop. He did not free the rabbit trap from the fox till it was before the heat of his fire. Then, gently forcing apart the teeth of the snare, he saw the foot was held only by a tendon. The cottage door was shut, the rain pattered against the window; the flames of the fire stirred cheerfully, the dying fox breathed intermittently and as if with difficulty, and awful shudders shook the once lovely coat. Joshua tugged hard at the fringe of beard about his chin, because he felt as if he were going to behave foolishly—as if tears were going to spring from his eyes. He carried the trap into his woodshed, and after shutting

the door so that the sound might not disturb the sufferer, he struck at it with a great hammer, till chain, stake, and blood-stained teeth were all mangled and shapeless, then he took it out and threw it far into the stream.

Tip-toeing about the kitchen, he sopped a piece of bread in warm broth and held it against the sharp, white teeth. There was no response. The old man covered up the coop to keep away the draught, and sat for an hour beside it, shaking his head as the sounds of breathing became more and more slight, till with a deeper sigh, they stopped altogether. Joshua bit his lip as his hand caressed the wet, little, dead body, and he told himself that he only snuffled because of a slight chill. His hand, moving gently over the dead fox, paused at the back, near the hind legs. For Joshua's fingers were making a discovery, they were telling him that the fox had died because his back had been broken—and how could a fox have his back broken ?

Old Joshua's face became stern as he thought of it. He arose and went into his neighbour's garden with an ugly suspicion forming in his slow wits. And sure enough, thrown down carelessly, not a dozen yards from where he had first seen the fox, he found what he had expected to find. A thick piece of wood—a bludgeon, with fox hair caught in the unevenness of the grain.

So that was why Nicholas had been so sure the animal would die by nightfall. His hand had struck the fatal blow upon the creature, who, as a last resource, had crept to human beings for deliverance. "If only he had come my side of the wall last night ; if only I'd been less drinky, and got up and looked about when that warning was sent to me," thought Joshua, tormented by pity and self blame.

The labourer's wife came out from the cottage. "Well, Mr. White, how's that fox a-getting on—is he dead, or has he bit you, or what ?"

Joshua looked at the woman, and spoke without premeditation. It was as if the words had formed themselves, and made use of his lips without his knowledge. "Dead ! no, he's not dead missis, why he's lapped up a brave drop of broth, and he's doing fine."

"You don't say ?" exclaimed the surprised woman.

"And I just left him for a minute, because I did bust off a brace button awhile ago when I carried the coop into my place, and I came seeking it," said Joshua airily.

"So he's like to live, then ?" said the woman.

"Not a doubt of it," said Joshua, beginning to move away.

When the labourer came home from his day's work, he went to inquire for the fox.

"My missis tells me he did live a brave while, but I suppose he's gone around land by this, so I'll take his carcase, Mr. White," he said cheerfully.

"Speak your words more soft, for he's sleeping, and that's the best cure for all ills," said Joshua, waving a hand toward the shrouded hen-coop at the side of his bright fire.

"Do you mean for to tell me——" began the perplexed labourer.

"Not so loud, you," said Joshua importantly, and the amazed labourer then saw that the kitchen table was littered with medicine bottles, basins of water, towels, and all the odds and ends usually associated with sickness.

"But—but, my days, Mr. White, sir—what I mean, he can't live—so—so what's the use of your fussing over him?"

"He's going to live," said Joshua.

"But it's cruel to allow him to go lolloping through life on only three feet."

"Yes, more's the pity, he's liable to run lame, but that's better than not running at all."

"Can I have a squint at him, sir?"

"To be sure, only I don't want any old draught to blow in upon him. Perhaps you'd better wait till to-morrow evening—he'll be stronger then."

The astonished labourer went away hardly knowing what to think. To his wife he said: "If that Mr. White coaxes the fox to live, he's a witch for sure, for I did hear the backbone of the beast go snap, when I struck it to put it out of its pain. But maybe there's not much strength in the creature after all, and to-morrow, like enough, he'll be still and cold for me to fetch away."

But on the next evening the labourer was received by the beaming Joshua, with tidings that the stump of the leg was healing up well, and that the fox was getting active. "He'll lick my hand, boy," said Joshua, and nibble playful at me with his teeth, that are sharp as needles. See those marks on the back of my hand, do you?"

The labourer, looking hard, said he could see the marks very plainly.

"Yes, he's that grateful to me, and so gentle, but awhile ago, just afore you came, he cocked his ears toward the door, and his eyes got red like fire, and he opened and shut his jaws and drew himself together as if he meant to force out the bars of the coop. Have a look at him now, and put your hand inside for him to lick." Joshua went invitingly toward the coop, but before he could draw off the sacking, the labourer, who was at the door, said:

"Never mind now, sir, I'm no ways eager to fret a invalid, and when they're like that, all sick and ill, there's no knowing what odd fancies rise in their poor headpieces. I'll come over to-morrow to see if he's had what they do call a relapse."

The labourer didn't call on Joshua the next evening, because Joshua had been terrifying the wife for most of the day, by telling her wild tales of the savagery and curious behaviour of the fox. "It's like as if he'd got something on his mind, missis, he sits staring and staring toward your place, and his eyes shoot flame and the lips go away from his great teeth, most as if he was laughing."

"If he's gone mad—why it would be a mercy to shoot him, and not

set him free with funny old fancies in his brain, that might bring harm to innocent folk," said the wife, passing a shaking hand over her bosom.

"It's the swiftest cure that ever I've known in all my life," cried the delighted Joshua, "for to-morrow, if your man is willing, we'll both carry the coop across to the meadow, and set him free to join with his mate."

The tearful wife reported this conversation to her husband while he ate his tea. Every detail that her imagination could exaggerate, she did exaggerate. "And the old man says the fox have got twice the size he were, Nicholas, so that he can much as ever move the coop. He hasn't the strength to carry it down to the meadow to free the animal to-morrow, and so he wants you for to go and help."

"No fear, I won't then," said the labourer, shuddering and spilling his tea: "for how do I know that the sly varmint wouldn't leap straight for my throat bone? I've got a better plan than that—you go across and tell Mr. White I'm minded to have speech with him—important."

Mr. White came, and the labourer said at once: "Now I'm right sorry not to be able to give a hand with the job to-morrow, sir, because I've got a sprain in my side. But there's a donkey and a cart I know of that I can borrow, and I'll get up early in the morning, and fetch it here for you afore I go to work; and then you can hoist the coop into it and away to go."

"That's terrible kind—and I thank you," said Joshua.

"Aye, and there was another thing I had in mind too, sir. My missis is a bit overgone with fear about that fox—it's silly, of course, but here you are, that's the way women get. So I was thinking that if you did make a early start in the day, you could take the fox and free it miles off, up on the moors; then he'd, like as not, stay up there and everything would be alright."

The next day Joshua found the donkey and cart tied up and awaiting him when he arose from bed. He lifted the coop into the cart with a great pretence of difficulty, and then he drove away up over the moors. On a high place, where the sea was visible, the old man dug a neat grave, and buried the little body of the fox, fixing a granite stone over it. Some hours he spent up there by the grave, smoking and meditating, while the donkey nibbled the turf. He drove down at twilight and met the anxious labourer.

"Well," said Nicholas nervously, which way did the varmint make for?"

"Straight back to these parts, and his eyes shining like stars, and lolloping like a wolf on his three legs, more swift than most do on four."

The labourer nearly groaned. "Then I might so well set to work at once to kill off my few cocks and hens, for he'll be sure to come back for those. Better fit you'd knocked him on the head that morning, Mr. White, instead of coaxing him to live like you done. It's a nasty, uncanny sort of a job if you ask me, and I'm beginning to wonder was it a fox at all,

or one of those creatures you read about in books, that belong to the devil and go hunting with him over the moors at dark. Last night I cleaned my gun and loaded it all ready, but if it's one of that kind of beast, what's the good of powder and shot against it? Why, no good at all."

Since that time the labourer, if he is out alone at night, always has a tale to tell of a great unnatural beast that haunted him. When Joshua comes back late from the public house, a small, pathetic-eyed, limping creature keeps step with him, and the drunk old man cries and talks to it. And on those occasions the labourer, nudging his wife, says: "Listen—there you go—what did I say, he's a witch is that Mr. White, or worse, and I believe it was a put up job between him and the devil that the dratted fox should live, and worrit the life most out of decent folk. It didn't ought to be allowed by rights."

And the wife: "Yes, but you began it."

And the husband: "It's a pretty fine thing if I've to put up with foxes to haunt me, and a wife to jaw at me, and a witch for neighbour. I'm going to move out of this place, and that's straight."

And he did!

The Tragedies of Verhaeren.

By DOROTHY MACARDLE.

THE question asked so wistfully by Saint Augustine, by poets and philosophers since Socrates—"Why is it that man desires to be made sad?"—waits for its answer still. Even Professor MacNeile Dixon, in his brilliant study of Tragedy, can do no more than test the matter in a hundred ways and hold a hundred partial answers up to the light.

Why labour to explain it? The delight of witnessing great tragedies remains—a joy beyond any that any other art can give.

We are starved of it in Ireland; perhaps for want of poets with the heroic hold on life that tragedy needs; perhaps because the art has too few lovers to keep life in it, were it born. Even the work of foreign masters is denied us or is spoiled for us: we have no artist, it seems, who knows how to build beauty or create illusion on the stage.

Because of that lack, the Drama-League's production of *The Cloister* left one hungry for the wonder that might have been. Impossible, certainly, on the shallow stage of the Abbey, to lay out the Monastery garden with its "symmetrical flower-beds, box-hedges and arbours," with groups of monks "playing bowls, working at fishing-nets and mending garden tools." But a few touches of imagination would have created all that is essential—the atmosphere of monastic life. One symbol, in the theatre, has power: what could not have been suggested by a grey sky, mellow lighting, a Calvary, a sundial, and a barrow of weeds and tools? Instead, we were affronted by the creased and shabby "woodland set" of *Red Riding Hood* or *Colleen Bawn*, and by a row of monks who had nothing to do, apparently, but speak their parts. The Chapel scene, with its anguish and terror, needs all it can be given of beauty and stateliness in the setting, of depth and austere harmony and "dim, religious light." The dangerous, untamed crowd that brings in the dreadful uproar of the world; the massive door that shuts out, at last, that uproar from the Monastery's quiet, and shuts out with it the banished monk—all these, in reading, we see and hear. Let us pray for Emile Verhaeren, that he rests in peace, and was not doomed, for any sin against poetry, to witness that flat, drab wall, that lath-and-canvas door which would not close, those six Gilbert-and-Sullivan village maidens who came on to represent the turbulent world!

That the actors, in spite of this ruinous setting, held and moved us throughout the tragedy is a proof of the excellence of their work. The play was well cast and well rehearsed—rare matters in the Drama-League; Mr. Frank Fay's acting as the Prior, and Mr. William Denis as Dom Thomas, had intellect, restraint and power, and the acting of Mr. J. Stephenson as Balthazar was an event.

The part presents every difficulty, and is a trap for every hollow device; the depth and simplicity of Mr. Stephenson's performance made it memorable.

This monk, whose disquietude mounts up, through scene after scene, to a maniacal frenzy of remorse, shot through with ecstasy,—this gentle parricide, craving only to expiate his sin and make peace with God, is the noblest figure in the play. He, the guilty one, in contrast with the intriguing monks around him, is utterly unworldly and free from guile; he, practised for ten years in obedience, humility, self-abasement, is heroic in contrast with the sophisticated and compromising Prior. Verhaeren's theme is the conflict of reckless truth, fanatical love of God, with the measured, cautious service which passes for Religion with the world. "Ubi magnitudo, ibi veritas"—and because Balthazar is too great a soul for their little convent to contain; because his magnificent confession wrecks their cob-web policies, he is flung out to the wolves of the world.

To create a sense of Balthazar's unsuspected grandeur, of suffering and remorse accumulating towards its outburst for ten years, and to wear over it the habit of humility and sweetness, made for the actor a hard task: Mr. Stephenson came near to achieving all this.

Dom Mark, the young visionary, his one friend, was too meekly and weakly played. This vehement saint, who can send the man he loves to the scaffold, should not be played like an innocent, slow-witted child.

Another thing that militated against illusion is the rhymed verse into which Mr. Osman Edwards has chosen to translate most of the play. Verhaeren wrote his more emotional passages in rhyme: the French ear is attuned to that dramatic convention, but in English drama none but the singing mood takes rhyme naturally, and this tragedy nowhere rises to a lyrical strain. It is a poetic play—the characters are too impassioned, too imaginative, too eloquent to utter themselves in prose; they express things which in actual life would be but dumbly and chaotically felt; the drama is on a higher level than life. For drama on this plane, English has the superb medium of unrhymed verse; it is into unrhymed verse alternating with prose that Arthur Symons translated *L'Aube*, and Mr. J. S. Flint translated *Phillippe II*, and this is the medium which Verhaeren himself approved. It uses the potent enchantment of rhythm to create emotion, and leaves thought free.

Of Verhaeren's four plays, *Philip II* is the only one besides *The Cloister* which could be performed in a theatre, and it is the more robust and stirring drama of the two. Moreover, it has, what *The Cloister* lacks—a woman in it—a brave, true, queenly woman, like some of Webster's, who knows how to love and to defy.

The whole tragedy has an air of Webster in it. It has not the philosophic content, the universal significance, of *The Cloister*: *Philip II* is merely a terrible episode powerfully told, flashing shafts of light into the dark secret abysses of human souls. As in Webster's world, the people seem to move with gigantic shadows beside them, through darkness and lurid light.

The characters are strongly contrasted: Philip, cold, invincible, remorseless, is so able to penetrate men's souls that their thoughts are obsessed, their days chilled and poisoned by the sense of his presence, even when he is far off. Don Carlos, the Infante, is enslaved by him, body and soul, and is half deranged with hate and fear and impotent revolt. The delineation of Carlos is marvellous—his ungovernable fantasy, childish vanity and ambition; the despondency into which he drops suddenly, like a windless sail; his surrender of his whole extravagant being to every suggestion, every mood; his pitiful, clinging weakness; his "stormy heart." And by his side, in great beauty, stands the Countess, who loves him and will not question how much of her love is pity; who calms him when he is fevered, and fires him with faith and ardour when his spirit sinks.

Tu n'es plus toi, tu es ta race entière,
Tu es tes Aïeux morts qui s'éveillent, Carlos !

she cries to him—lines which, strangely, the translator has omitted—perhaps because he liked too well the Elizabethan resonances of the preceding line:—

The golden sceptre that made Spain the World.

The flaming dreams of Carlos, the lovers' passion, and the warm trust and happiness of their friend, move in glowing colour against the steely background of the Escorial, the cold, unholy schemes of the Inquisition, and Philip's omniscient, fatal will. The lovers are drawn into the trap and destroyed.

The tragedy is finely translated, with the freedom and resounding rhythm it needs:—

And it would seem that all the howling north winds
Are Satan's and let loose apostasy !

It would need to be finely played.

The Dawn can never have been intended for production; the visible arena is too vast in it, the tumults and the multitudes too great. Yet, because it is a study of conflict—of mighty forces rushing together, wrestling, interlocked, dissolving, changing and reconciled—drama was the only form for it. It is a great work of literature, a fine crystallization of life.

Hérémén, the hero, is one of the intuitive, storm-fraught spirits Verhaeren loves. Godlike he is in his achievement; yet his wife knows him brooding, unreasoning, violent, sometimes, like an unruly child. He is without calmness, without equanimity, often without power over himself, impulsive, easily duped by a cold, purposeful brain.

The power that is in him and that saves his people is volcanic, erupting out of unknown depths in his soul, blazing suddenly into strength and vision

beyond the comprehension of common men. An anarchist battling with chaos, he destroys that he may create, and, marvellously, out of confusion, order is born.

"That man has on his side the unknown forces of life," one who had striven to resist him says: "I shall go with him, after all." And Verhaeren not only describes, he forces us to acknowledge Hérémén's power.

The action of the drama moves as turbulently as the driven, war-stricken people whom the author creates. A countryside in flames; a great city besieged by a foreign host; the peasants mad with hatred of the town; the townsfolk enraged against their own rulers, refusing to help in the defence; the soldiers of the besieging army, plague-stricken, smouldering in revolt against the captains—amongst such antagonists and passions Hérémén strides, shaken by each and all, deceived, blundering, yet titanic in the magnificence of his thought. He is entrapped by cunning politicians. The Regents of the city induce him to bring back the workers from the Aventine; then they break faith, and he, the dupe who made dupes of them all, is besieged by the raging people in his own house. With great words he quiets them and wins their trust again, and at last his purpose is achieved, his dream fulfilled. Between the townsfolk, the peasants, and the men of the besieging army a people's peace is made. The captains and the Regents rage in vain; the gates are flung open, bells ring and banners wave, soldiers and peasants stream joyously into the streets, and all together make holiday. The last shot of the war, fired by an angry leader, pierces Hérémén's brain, and he lies dead in the market-place, surrounded by the love and triumph of the people he has redeemed.

The tragedy is the work of a great thinker, and gives birth to far-reaching thought.

Helen of Sparta is very different from the other plays—a lyrical tragedy, free from philosophical questioning and mental stress. The Fates of ancient Greece brood over it and the Cringes are heard muttering far off; satyrs haunt the thickets with gleaming eyes; Zeus dwells on cloud-hidden Olympus and snatches mortals from the wrongs of life. The horror that hung around the House of Anléus hangs over it, and here, as in the Attic tragedy, is beauty too noble to be subdued, so that in memory the horror vanishes, and loveliness shines out like a white star.

Menelaus has brought Helen home from Troy. He is an old, weak man now; but she, in her tragic mystery, is more enthralling to men's senses than when she

Drew the dreaming keels of Greece
After her, over the Ionian foam.*

Helen is tired, tired in her whole being, of all the wildness her beauty

* Stephen Phillips.

has wakened round her, of the terror and wrath and slaughter that have haunted her, night and day. A simple woman, she is, full of maternal kindness, happiest in gentle service, dreaming, wistfully, now, of tranquil years. Although she no longer loves any man, she has vowed her life to Menelaus, and his delight in her fills her with content.

But the doom of the Immortals is over Helen: she may have no peace. Love—insensate, unnatural, hideous, stretches out wild hands to her on every side; frenzies of hate and passion writhe about her, and the hand she puts out to quiet them only enflames. Menelaus is slain by Castor, and Elektra avenges him. Pollux, whose ambitions, though never uttered, are now fulfilled, is King, and summons his sister to reign as Queen. But Helen is only a desolate, piteous woman, weeping for Menelaus, and her brother turns from her in scorn.

She wanders out at dusk to the dewy forest, aching to escape from the dreadful pursuit of desire, and there, from every covert, the satyrs call. Wild, impelling, terrible, their insatiable craving is. In desperate anguish, Helen cries out to Zeus; his thunder answers, and she is snatched up into the clouds.

It is not a dramatist's triumph, perhaps, since the play is unsuited for the stage; but it is the triumph of a tragic poet, in the old, large meaning of those words: it "purifies by pity and terror." Verhaeren has dared to re-awaken the worshipped Helen, dragged her through the ruin and ravage of Troy, and given her, a captive, to the man she wronged; and he has left her beauty shining in our imaginations as magically as of old, so that we cry out again in our hearts with Faustus:—

O, thou art lovelier than the evening air,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars.

Pity is at the heart of all great tragedies, and it is at the core of Verhaeren's work: ironic anger against the pale, cold schemers, be they monks or regents, who would quell the springs of life; pity for the victims—and the wild-hearted, storm-driven beings who are children of vision and love.

Connemara—Good or Bad.

BY PATRICK KELLY.

I.—ITSELF.

IN Eastern Ireland the notion seems to prevail that Connemara comprises the greater part of Connacht. Failing this, it must, of course, be a county in itself. Connemara is that portion of the County Galway which lies *beyond* Galway City.

The area of Connemara is a matter of uncertainty. As no two inhabitants of the district can possibly agree on the distance separating one given point from another given point, it follows that this must be so. Anyhow it is a matter for the statisticians.

The "beauty spots" of Connemara should never be described by an ordinary writer; *they* are the special domain of the man who composes a Tourist Guide. Still there are many wonderful places in Connemara that have escaped the attention of that particular man.

Long ago, in an age more or less within the ken of History, Connemara must have been a great forest tract. All but the hills. The hills, in their proud indifference to dress, reared their mighty bulk above the blooms of the plain, accepting only the mists and clouds as garb in keeping with their majesty. The wonderful lakes were hidden away in those old-world forests, and the rivers went slowly to the sea, as if they wished to linger and enjoy the spectacle of the fringing trees and give back their beauty as a mirror shows a fair face its charms.

To-day Connemara is a wilderness, a desert, a grey waste, grey to the stranger's eye even in mid-summer. But the hills are there, and the beautiful lakes and the streams; and the little white roads seem to ramble carelessly to nowhere, and have the appearance of belonging by right to Connemara. They are exact figures in the pattern of the landscape.

The bogs of Connemara are almost famous—for their beauty. Covered with heather in places, they arrest the gaze of the artist. Indeed, it is impossible to talk of "the peat industry" (whatever it may be), and a bog of Connemara in the same breath. The bogs are really beautiful at times. They yield fairly good turf. *Turf stacked in a bog* might be almost the title of a picture; anyhow, turf stacked in a bog in Connemara no more suggests a connection with peat industry than does the lark that sings above it. This is one of the peculiarities of Connemara. This extraordinary illusion—turf suggesting a picture, a romance, a dream born of its own light; figures composed of its smoke; its smoke lifting into the evening air as the mists roll upward at morning—this illusion then, remote from arithmetic, from economic conditions, from anything and everything tangible, may be due to atmosphere, to belief in the fairies, to an ever-present world

looked at through the clouds of turf smoke; it may be due to anything or nothing at all; but the fact remains that it exists, and seems to thrust itself forward whenever there is a whisper of the utility of peat. Peat is a barren word; it has no meaning beyond itself.

The swamps of Connemara are terrible. They are grey and sullen. They seem in constant mourning for the lost trees; even the so-called bog-cotton does not relieve their ugliness . . . But is there anything on earth without its use? Sedge thatch is an excellent substitute for straw thatch in a land where there is little or no straw. The houses are thatched with sedge. A swamp is a sea of sedge.

The rocks of Connemara are obstructions. Surely they were scattered at random in the dawn of things; but why, in places, are they piled so regularly that it would seem as if giants removed them from their path, as they strode through the Ireland of Standish O'Grady, and placed them carefully on one side? They say in Connemara that the soil near the rocks is always good. The best potatoes are grown in the sheltered spots by the rocks. Even a mighty, frowning rock has something to recommend it.

The land of Connemara is "seldom"—if, indeed, there is "land" in Connemara at all. The farms would excite the ridicule—or perhaps the pity—of a man from Cavan or Waterford. And yet those farms maintained a landlord system in Connemara (or out of it)—at least the landlords lived upon the rents of the farms. Where the rents came from is another matter. Certain it is that the money came honestly; it was earned by grim toil in Connemara or elsewhere. What a terrible social system it was that upheld landlordism! . . . Is Parnell the greatest paradox in Irish History? He was a landlord and destroyed his own class. He was a grand tyrant who made war upon mean tyrants. His name is still spoken with reverence in the humble homes of Connemara; his picture is sometimes found on the walls, blackened by turf smoke but still recognisable, the stern face more stern in the red light of the turf fires.

Once in ten years, and almost every day for a period of several weeks, a city appears on the Skyra Rocks off the Connemara coast. Scientists call it a mirage. The people call it magic. Both are right, each from their own standpoint. A play-boy—not of the Western World of J. M. Synge, but of that of Columbus and Mr. Dooley—declared that the people of Connemara had a natural cinema theatre where was shown a solitary picture, but that picture the greatest ever known. He was an Irish-American. Maybe he wasn't a play-boy at all.

Certainly the phantom city of Skyra transcends as a motion picture the greatest work of the greatest artists. Nature is at once the producer and the censor of this picture.

The people of Connemara, when it appears, should close the ways to the sea and charge high prices of admission to the coast. Boats—that is to say, boxes—very extra. A great rock on the island of Mynish should

cost at least a pound. Rocks are the true seats from which to view a mirage. Nature provides one and the other. A little enterprise turns the gifts of nature into money. Money is needed in Connemara.

The climate of Connemara—except in the days when the electric waves are building their marvellous city on Skyra—is moist. Moist is the word. Ah! true, indeed—only too true.

II.—A GLANCE AT THE PEOPLE.

The natives of Connemara are said to be descendants of the Firbolgs. If that be so the Firbolgs must have been decent folk and well-mannered. Successive invasions brought other races, and to-day we have a blend beyond all question . . . But is there a *pure* stock anywhere in Ireland?

They are probably the best story-tellers in all the land, those simple people; indeed, they are born story-tellers. Their style is direct, clear and impressive. Angles and curves have no meaning for them. They have a wealth of metaphor. The old woman who said that, in a particularly bad year, the scarlet-flowered bog weeds “fell like soot and the walls sank with the snow,” was a gifted author. Soot in a chimney is dead, but fallen soot is doubly dead. To say that snow covered the walls does not convey the same idea of a dreadful winter as does the expression “The walls sank with the snow.” A Connemara man is able to gild his narrative of the simplest incident with a style that a writer would give a good deal to be able to copy. Strange to say—or perhaps not strange at all—stories that is to say, creations of the imagination, have not the same value in Connemara as narratives of the actual. Fiction is looked upon as something to please a child; fact is admired and cherished.

Some time ago—and not so very long ago at that—physical strength was worshipped in Connemara. John L. Sullivan once shared with Parnell the admiration of the people. Both were giants—each in his own way. We are told that the Mamelukes on seeing Kléber, wondered why he did not command the French instead of Napoleon. Kléber was a giant. When the Mamelukes were overthrown they realised why the French allowed themselves to be commanded by a slight little man who looked a boy, instead of by a Hercules. Long ago in Connemara a boatman, or rather a boat-builder, “did not think much” of a particular Secretary of a particular Board of the day, because the gentleman “had legs as thin as a redshank’s.” Asked if he had noticed the size of the gentleman’s head, he shook his own. When told that he (the said gentleman) carried his intelligence in his head and not in his legs, he said, generously enough: “Indeed that’s the truth, but I never thought of it till I was told.” Here the “of” relieves the mind of a natural suspicion.

Setting all this aside, there have been, and there are still, men of wonderful strength in Connemara. I have seen professional strong men performing in theatres, but I have seen in Connemara, men much stronger.

Very often the humour of Connemara is simply the truth carried to an extravagant pitch. After all, this seems to be the chief characteristic of Irish humour—not the Irish humour of stories, but the genuine humour of Ireland. To say that a man was in the habit of driving a motor off the road and up the sides of mountains and through bogs and lakes, in the middle of the day and the sun shining, and what wonder but he never drank—to say this is saying something more than the truth, but it is a humorous way of saying that the man's driving of a motor car is not exactly the driving of an expert. To say that the "Congested hen" used to ate more than a bullock and wasn't one-tenth as good for laying as the little black hen that only asked an odd handful of oats—is not making an exact statement of fact, but it tells one plainly that the famous "Congested hen" was a miserable failure in Connemara. To say that a man made poteen out of rainbows and old horse shoes that he found on the road is not telling the truth—not even exaggerating a fact—but it conveys a warning against that particular distiller. The postman who said on being told that he was an hour late for the mail car which would have conveyed, had he been an hour earlier, his mail bags to Galway City: "What about it? Won't there be another car in the morning?" may not have been an excellent official, but he was unquestionably an optimistic and extravagant humorist.

It may be added that this particular sort of humour belongs to the oral rather than to the written order.

"'Tis the people of Connemara that have the business in America." True. Too much cannot be said or written in praise of those boys and girls who in their early youth set out bravely for New York or Boston to earn money for the old people at home. This is what it really amounts to—earning money for the old people at home. And how regularly those American cheques come! Nothing seems to go wrong; there is never a hitch. Were it not for American money, Connemara, such as we know it to-day, would not be—could not be.

In Connemara the grip on life is strong—very strong. One might imagine that poverty and misery would have weakened that terrible grip; but no, the exact opposite seems to have happened. The struggle for existence but made the people cling more closely to life. Well, all this is but mathematical. Amongst the poor whenever the grip on life is relaxed, destruction follows.

In Connemara the blood tie means much. Relationship is another name for friendship. Perhaps in this fact we have a survival of the old faction spirit, but this survival, since it confines itself to friendship and does not make for hatred of those of other blood, is something to be commended. Connemara, then, is a place of friendly societies, but the societies do not hate one another. . . . However, all is not peace always in Connemara. Fights occur, and the idea of a "good man" still prevails. The cult of physical strength is not quite destroyed in a race that had little else

but muscle to depend upon in their war with Nature and with all but intolerable conditions.

Shrewdness is the outstanding quality in Connemara. Within their limits, those people are wonderful. Their philosophy is of the simplest—and therefore good. They are a people apart; they are shut away by the mountains from the Ireland beyond; they have no concern in its working. Their eyes are ever turned westward. The sea is friendly to them; the land unfriendly. The sea is the road to Boston: the land leads nowhere. They have powerful traditions, but no politics. They measure all things in terms of themselves. On the broad National basis they care little whether Ireland be Republican or Monarchical. Connemara is their land; the rest of the country is Ireland.

They live apart, and they wish to remain apart. They are the remnant of a by-gone Ireland. The people of East Galway date everything from the Battle of Aughrim; the people of Connemara rarely cast beyond "the night of the big wind." The Battle of Aughrim, lost by a French general, changed the destiny of East Galway. The great storm of 1839 was the work of Nature, and made a profound impression on the minds of people so near to the power that called it forth.

It matters little what the inhabitants of Connemara say to those who propose to them a change, an idea, a doctrine, a political creed, or the raising of a new variety of potato. What they say amongst themselves of the particular thing is what really matters. They are people who wait. A natural courtesy prevents their giving a candid opinion to the person who sets a proposition in case that their opinion might be too candid, and therefore offensive. They deliberate, and perhaps in deliberation lies wisdom.

Let it be said that in Connemara the stranger who comes to stay is never taken to the bosom of the community. He is treated with every respect when he deserves respect, with indifference when he does not, but he must never aspire to become one of the family. It follows from this that the people of Connemara would be very slow to agree to any proposal of Government for the relief of congestion, that would demand their settling amongst the strangers of (say) Leinster. They do not love the stranger, and they do not expect to be loved by him. Perhaps their knowledge of the Irish Language has something to do with all this. The stranger in Connemara rarely spoke Irish, and so, no matter what his name, he was a foreigner.

They have in Connemara a decided talent for intrigue, but as this particular talent is not uncommon throughout Ireland, it cannot be regarded as a special feature of West Galway. A Connemara man—or woman—will ask ten questions seeking an answer to one only. The same person will ask an abrupt and apparently "innocent" question, thereby hoping to throw the questioned person off his guard and make him give an incautious reply. Such tricks are, of course, as old as the very hills, and those in whose minds they find favour forget sometimes that trained intelli-

gence is more than a match for anything that belongs to primitive cunning. It is possible that an educated Connemara man who retained his natural shrewdness in the process of learning, or rather who developed in the course of his studies the gifts natural to him, would make a successful lawyer. Whether or no, he would be a dangerous cross-examiner.

Taken all in all, the people of Connemara are amongst the most lovable beings in Ireland. They are responsive to kindness and they understand charity. They can be humorous or serious as occasion demands. They are hospitable in the extreme; the poor wayfarer is never at a loss for food or shelter. The stranger is respected, himself and his property. Their honesty is proverbial. In case of sickness or death they act with true grandeur. When anybody who has been away for a considerable time returns home, those who visit him always bring some little offering—eggs—anything that they may have and that is likely to be acceptable. In return they accept—nothing.

Their manners are courteous, their speech dignified. They may have little vanities, but such little vanities are harmless and merely cause a smile. The girls who were placed midway between two villages, one “modern,” the other old-world—and who wore tight skirts when visiting the modern village and the red petticoats with the three strands of black velvet braid when visiting the other, may have been vain or foolish in recognising Fashion, but, after all, were they not unconsciously obeying the maxim about doing what Rome does.

Curiously enough, open-air games are almost unknown beyond Galway City. The land is so uneven that a playing-pitch for football or hurling would be difficult to find. Still there are outdoor games that might be practised by those very powerful young men of Connemara.

There is a mystery about the people of Connemara that the casual traveller suspects, but cannot determine. He shakes his head and says: “They are different from the rest, but where does the difference lie?”

True, they are different—very different—from the rest. They are remote—*old*. They move in the shadow of Antiquity. They are of the days when a social system obtained that must have been well-nigh perfect. The long-lost Ireland that is “written down in a book” had great virtues as it had terrible faults.

The Price of Land.

By JAMES MARTYN.

‘SOME gentleman to see you, sir! Father Fallon is with them, sir!’

The evening reverie of Sir Henry Carswell, Bart., was shattered by the voice of the maid as she pronounced the words. He had known that the gentlemen would come sooner or later, but he did not want them now. They would disturb his after-dinner dreamings. Why the devil couldn't they come during the afternoon, anyway? Business after dinner is always intolerable; for a man over fifty it is impossible. And Sir Henry Carswell was over seventy. So he swore inaudibly, and tried to smile visibly. Very well he knew what these people wanted. They wanted what they always wanted—land. Land, land, land—always land; more and more land. Would the devils never be satisfied? Was it possible to satisfy them? He had sold most of his land under the Purchase Act, and now he held only the demesne, the home farm, and some waste. Did they want even the demesne? If so they could want, and be damned! He would never give up the last remains of the once-great Carswell estate. Something must be held, a halt must be called somewhere, too much to be expected to give up everything to a measly set of land-hungry peasants! They were wolves, and only what they set their minds upon would ever satisfy them; they would harry a man to death, aye, even murder a man who dared to stand in their way. Poor Montgomery was shot because he resisted them, and had he not been fired at himself in '84! Damned close shave that was, too, by Jove! Very nearly got him! Well, he would see them and hear what they wanted now, but they would have nothing more. Something must be kept for Geoffrey to come back to after his years of service in India! Father Fallon and his League could do their worst, and go to the devil! “Show the gentlemen in here, Mary. How many are there?” “Two, sir, and Father Fallon.” “Bring in some whiskey, then, when you have shown them in.”

“Father Fallon, Sir Henry,” the maid announced as she ushered the priest into the room. The Very Reverend Ambrose Fallon was Parish Priest of Knockavaile. Small in stature, his tendency towards obesity had achieved results which made exertion of any kind very difficult. He used his legs infrequently in consequence, and his walk very markedly resembled that of a duck. Sir Henry Carswell had known Father Fallon intimately for forty years; they belonged to the same parish, and there was little difference in their ages. As much of Father Fallon's eyes as could be discerned under his bushy eyebrows and puckered underlids seemed to sparkle as he waddled across the room to greet Sir Henry. “Very sorry, indeed, we are, to disturb you at such an hour. Oh, yes; I know what it

is to have my after-dinner snooze disturbed. But we can't help it; we simply had to see you to-night. You know Thady Quinn and Tom Murnane? Yes, of course, you do! They divided your thirty-acre meadow between them a few years ago." "Yes, I remember them, the rascals," said Sir Henry, laughing; "and I suppose they want the demesne now that they are wealthy ones, and I am only a poor Baronet trying to eke out a living. But won't you all have a drink? I was about to have one myself, and you'll join me? Now, Father Fallon, say when?" "Enough for me, Sir Henry," Father Fallon interjected, "and our friend Tom, here, prefers stout, if you have such a thing." "Of course, he must have stout, then," said Sir Henry, ringing for Mary. The stout having been brought for Tom Murnane, the interrupted conversation was resumed. "You're far out, Sir Henry, in thinking that it's your demesne we want," said Thady Quinn. "We don't want any such thing. It's something very different we have our eyes on now. It's thinking to do you a good turn we are. Isn't that so now, Father?" "It is indeed, Thady," said Father Fallon. "The fact is, Sir Henry," Father Fallon went on, "the people want the land up at Mullaglass. You're not using it for yourself, and for all you care, seemingly it might be a common. You don't set much store by it, now do you?" "I do not, indeed," answered Sir Henry, "but what good would that land be to anybody? Sure it's little better than bog!" "That's not the point that concerns us," Father Fallon countered. "It doesn't matter a pin's point what good it is. What matters to you and to us is that the people want it, and they want to know if you will sell it." "Of course I'll sell it; I'm only too happy to get the chance," said Sir Henry. "The people wouldn't take it before when I offered it, but now they want it when Land Purchase is practically stopped. But you can have it with pleasure if you can induce the Commission to give me something for it." "Don't forget, Sir Henry, that this is now a famine district," said Father Fallon. "We'll deal with the Board. You can leave that to us." "Well, my friends, if you can get the Board to take the land from me," said Sir Henry, "I'll be very much obliged to you. In fact, we'll have another drink just to wish you success." "We'll deal with the Board," said Tom Murnane, speaking for the first time. "When the people want the land they know how to get it, and no Board in Dublin can stand in the way. Am I right, Thady?" "Indeed an' you are, Tom," said Thady. "Sure Father Fallon there knows every trick in the bag, an' he'll soon make the Board see sense. Sure he's done it often an' often." Father Fallon smiled knowingly, and finishing his whiskey he said, "You can safely leave that to us, Sir Henry. I suppose the old price will suit you?" "Indeed it will," said Sir Henry; "it will suit me very well." "Come along, boys," said Father Fallon, "it's time for us to leave Sir Henry in peace."

"Father Fallon and Thady Quinn wants to see you, sir," said Mary, once more interrupting Sir Henry Carswell's after-dinner dreams.

A month had elapsed, during which he had heard nothing further about the sale of his land at Mullaglass. "Show them in, Mary, and bring the whiskey!" he said in a tone that betrayed slightly the irritation he felt. Mary brought the whiskey, and at the same time she ushered in Father Fallon and Thady Quinn. "Again we have to disturb your rest, Sir Henry," Father Fallon apologised, "because we prefer to do this bit of business after dark. We don't want any fussy gossip; you know how people talk in Knockavaile, and I couldn't have poor Thady here the object of spiteful tongues. Nor you either, Sir Henry, for that matter. Well, the Board won't see reason; they've refused to buy the land at Mullaglass and distribute it to the people that want it. We must do something to make them see that it is their duty to take this land. We've talked it over amongst ourselves, and we've hit upon a plan that may work. But you'll have to work in with it, Sir Henry. We want you to help us, will you?" Sir Henry was perplexed. "What is the plan? I will help if I can," he said. "Well, the fact is that we've come to the conclusion that you're a very bad landlord who's holding land that's necessary for the people's welfare and the people's progress. You're a tyrant who's grinding the people. You keep bullocks on the land where human beings should be, and that must be altered for the good of the country. Progress in this district is being stifled because you will not use the land yourself, and you refuse to sell it to the people who want to use it." "But I will," said Sir Henry. "Didn't I tell you a month ago that I would very willingly sell Mullaglass? Didn't we even agree that the old price would stand?" Sir Henry Carswell was amazed; he could not understand the drift of Father Fallon's statement. He had always been a good landlord, always popular, and on very good terms with his neighbours in Knockavaile. He was dumbfounded when Father Fallon continued: "We must have the land, and your bullocks are at this moment being driven off it. You are boycotted; not a soul will speak to you; not a shopkeeper in the town will supply you with goods; not a man will work for you. You will be hooted and mobbed everywhere you attempt to show your face." "But," interrupted Sir Henry, "I don't understand. You can have the land; you can have it at any time if you can convince the Commission that it should advance the money. I told you so before, and I thought it was all settled." "So it was between you and the people," said Father Fallon, "but not between the people and the Board. The Board refuses to advance the money, so we must make them. You'll have to help us to make them see reason. Do you understand now?" "I do not, indeed," said Sir Henry. "I do not see why I should suffer because the Board refuses to act. Why should I be boycotted and annoyed because the Board will not purchase? I don't see it, I must confess." "Well, when you have a guard of peelers about your house, when you daren't go outside your own demesne walls, when you have to get your food from London or from Dublin, maybe you'll see it," Father Fallon replied. "You were always a very shrewd man, Sir Henry, none shrewder, to my

knowing, and surely a peelers' guard will make you see the rightness of all things." "But I don't own the bullocks at Mullaglass," said Sir Henry; "they belong to other people, and these people will suffer loss. Why should others be molested and suffer damage because of my alleged tyranny? You know very well that I've let the land at Mullaglass for grazing, don't you?" "Oh, yes, Sir Henry, we know about that," said Thady Quinn, "but we know, too, that the people want the land, and that they must have it, Board or no Board." "But I'm not in the way of the people," said Sir Henry. "Indeed then an' y'are. Don't y'own the land? Well, then, you're an enemy of the people. You are holding the people's rights, an' the people want their rights for themselves," said Thady. "But I want to sell and let the people have their rights," argued Sir Henry. "Not at all," said Thady, "you're holding the land against the people, and the people want it. You're a tyrant, as Father Fallon said, and you must be made give up the land you have to the Board." "Father Fallon said the Board won't have it," said Sir Henry. "I did," said Father Fallon, "and they won't. But it's our job to see that the Board does take it. You'll have to go and see the Board, Sir Henry, and tell them the treatment you're getting here. It's the hazel-rod and the boycott you'll be getting from this out, and maybe they'll give you the sight to see that there are other things in the world besides land and bullocks. When your life is made miserable, maybe then you'll see what a tyrant you've been. You'll see then that the people's rights can't be lightly treated, and maybe you'll make the gentry in Dublin see that, too. If we could get hold of them, we'd show them something that'd do them good. But what do they care, or what do you care, for the matter of that, for starving families without the blessed land to live upon? You make them care, Sir Henry; you make them understand. You'll benefit by their wisdom, and we'll thank you for your trouble. You see now why we must come at night? You're a boycotted man, and that's no joke! Get an escort to-morrow, and be wise in time. We'll be going now, Thady; there's nothing more we can do this night. Good-night, Sir Henry, and take heed of what we've said to you."

Sir Henry Carswell was amazed. He had difficulty in believing that Father Fallon's words were real. His entire life had been spent in the odious, and he had done everything he could to improve the position of his neighbours. This was his reward. He was boycotted! He would be campelled to go about with an escort of armed police. Armed police would be quartered in his house and encamped in his grounds! None would work for him; none would sell to him; none would buy from him. Surely it must be a joke! They would not be so far ungrateful? Everybody in the county knew he was willing to sell; yet despite that, he was to be boycotted and persecuted! He went to bed firmly convinced that a huge joke was being perpetrated.

The next morning, however, brought him a very rude shock. All his

servants, with the exception of Mary, had departed, and not a sound could be heard from the yard. Only Mary remained of his entire staff, and at breakfast she informed him that the Head-Constable had called to see him and would return in a short time. "Are you going with the rest, Mary?" asked Sir Henry. "No, sir," Mary replied. "I was told to stay here and look after you and the house. All the others went this morning. But sure they're not gone far. They're all down in Mullany's Hotel, waiting for you to make the Board buy Mullaglass. They'll all be back any time you call them." "What if I never want them again, Mary? What if I shut up the house and go away and live in England, as old Sir John Biggs did?" "You'd never do such a thing, Sir Henry, sure you wouldn't? What'd we all do if you went away? You wouldn't do such a thing? Sure everybody in the county has the good word of you," said Mary. "Nice way they speak the good word, then. Look at the way they treat me! Deserting me as if I had the plague. If this is their good word, I'm damned if I'd care to know their bad! Here's the Head, Mary; let him in!" "Good morning, Head," Sir Henry greeted Head-Constable O'Sullivan as the guardian of the peace of Knockavaile entered the room. "Nice morning, Sir Henry. Bad business this about your land," said the Head-Constable. "I was speaking to Father Fallon this morning, and he told me that the League had boycotted you. Bad for you, Sir Henry, very bad. Better for you to go away for a bit till they cool down. They're always worse on a man that was always popular. You were always popular, and they're bound to be very bitter against you. You go away for a bit and let me look after the place. I'll send four men up from the barracks when I get back, and I'll send in a report to the D.I. The County'll ask the Inspector-General for reinforcements by to-morrow. You know how these things develop, Sir Henry, and you'd be better out of the way." "Perhaps I will go away. I want a change, anyway. Maybe I'll go to Dublin to-morrow," Sir Henry replied. "Do," urged the Head-Constable; "you'd be safer there, and it'd be better for us here."

The next day Sir Henry Carswell arrived in Dublin. Having come to the conclusion that discretion rather than valour was the virtue most appropriate to the occasion, Sir Henry left his house and lands to the care of Mary and the Head-Constable. They would report to him anything of interest, so he might as well have his holiday and his safety at the same time! In his Club he spoke to his friends of the base ingratitude of his neighbours. "What else could you expect?" said old Lord Mooncoyne. "You know that these devils intend to drive every landlord out of Ireland. The land for the people they say, but the land for themselves they mean. You're damned lucky, Carswell, and you're well out of it."

A few days later as he sat in the Smoke Room of the Club, glancing through the newspapers, he was astonished to read that there had been a fierce fight at Mullaglass. A party of men armed with sticks had attempted to drive the cattle from the lands at Mullaglass, but it had been intercepted

by the police. The party had refused to disperse, the police had charged with batons, and some blood had been shed. Before the crowd would disperse the police had been compelled to fire a volley from their carbines, but no one had been injured. The newspaper commented severely upon the attitude of Sir Henry Carswell, "who is believed to be in London." This comment annoyed Sir Henry very much, and the report of the fight alarmed him. What the devil did that Board mean, getting him into this mess and into such odious prominence? He would see the Board about it at once! Crossing the room to where Lord Mooncoyne sat, Sir Henry said: "Look here, Mooncoyne, there's hell's delights down at my place. I'll have to see about it. Do you know who's on that infernal Land Board?" "That's bad," said Mooncoyne; "you should see Hamilton about it when he comes in to lunch." "Who's Hamilton?" asked Sir Henry. "Oh, Sir William Hamilton. He used to be secretary to the Chief Secretary; now he's Chairman of the Board. Quite a good fellow. You see him, and he'll fix things up for you." "But I don't know him; never even heard of him before," said Sir Henry. "Never mind," said Mooncoyne; "he'll be here any minute now, and I'll introduce you."

As Sir Henry entered the dining room to have lunch, he was beckoned to the table at which Lord Mooncoyne was seated. When he reached the table he was introduced to Sir William Hamilton. "Poor Carswell is having a hell of a time with his people at Mullaglass. Boycotted and had to scoot, in fact. And now there's been a fight there," said Lord Mooncoyne in introducing him. "So you're the owner of that land, then," said Hamilton. "I've had reports from the District Inspector and the Parish Priest. Feeling seems to be very bitter, very bitter, indeed. I find that the Board turned the land down some time ago. But we can't allow this state of things to go on. Never know where it might end. I intend to bring the matter before the Board again next week, and I have written to Father Fallon to that effect. Too bad for you, Sir Henry, too bad indeed; but we'll see what we can do to have the business fixed up for you." "I really wish you would," said Sir Henry; "you would take a weight of worry off my mind if you would take the lands of Mullaglass off my hands." "Not bad that," said Hamilton. "I'll repeat that to the Board. Coming out for a round, Mooncoyne? We could do a round at Portmarnock beautifully this afternoon. Do any golfing, Sir Henry? Fine game, you know, very fine game, indeed."

A month later Sir Henry Carswell returned to Knockavaile. Peace had been restored, and the boycott had been removed a week or so before he returned. The Land Board had agreed to the terms submitted through Father Fallon, and everything had resumed normality. Sir Henry once more dozed comfortably at home after dinner. Again his doze was disturbed. "Father Fallon and some gentlemen to see you, sir," announced Mary. "Show them in, Mary, and bring the whiskey." Father Fallon

Thady Quinn, and Tom Murnane were ushered into the room. "Delighted to see you back again, Sir Henry, indeed we are," said Father Fallon, "sure we thought you'd gone for ever from what Mary told us. But you wouldn't do that! You knew we had nothing against you and that we meant you no harm, now didn't you? It was the Board we wanted to get at, and we had to get at the Board through you. We knew the Board wouldn't let a Baronet down when he was attacked. We wanted the land and you didn't. It was no use to you, and, to tell you the blessed truth, it's no use to us. But, tell me, didn't old Lord Mooncoyne sell his mountains and his bogs at a big price? And why shouldn't you sell yours? We couldn't stand by and see a decent man swindled by the Board, and an old skinflint like Mooncoyne, who never comes near the parish, get his money. Now, could we, Sir Henry? You've always been a good landlord and a very decent man, and the Board thought there'd be no trouble on your estate. We've shown them to the differ. And now you'll be as well off as any of them, and Master Geoffrey, God bless him, after you. We couldn't see you wronged by the Board, so we agitated till we set things right. Could we do any more? Could we do any less?"

"So that's it, is it?" said Sir Henry, the truth slowly dawning upon him. "It's kind of you to think of me in that way, and I thank you for it, but you had a damned queer way of showing it. How was I to know it was all on my behalf? And haven't you suffered yourselves? What about the baton charges? Who was hurt?"

"Oh, nobody to speak of," Tom Murnane answered, "mostly the peelers. I got a scratch myself, but sure t'was nothing, nothing at all. And sure we had to boycott you to make a row, but it's all over now, thank God."

"Here's to the Land Board," said Father Fallon, "and here's to the very handsome price that Sir Henry will get for the land that nobody wants, and that we all fought for. May the Board and Sir Henry prosper!"

They drained their glasses, and as he wiped his lips Thady Quinn said to Sir Henry: "It was a great idea to frighten the Board by boycotting you, but forget now that you ever had a peelers' guard, and we'll never disturb you after dinner any more."

"Not after dinner," said Sir Henry, "because you all must have dinner with me here to-morrow evening."

The Earl Bishop.

By J. W. GOOD.

FEW travellers climbing for the first time the steep ridge that lies between Magilligan Strand and the mouth of the Bann, by what is still known as the Bishop's Road, are expecting an architectural surprise. But the dull length of demesne wall that looks like all other demesne walls is broken suddenly by a huge gateway crowned with fascinating baroque beasts; and as the trees thin out, the stranger rubs his eyes in amazement to see silhouetted against the hills of Innishowen fantastic Greek temples, planted on basalt crags, clustering about a great domed and pillared structure that suggests Italy rather than Ireland. It is freakish enough to seem a theatre-trick, and it would be no more than a theatre-trick were it not that it does impose itself upon the imagination. The Palace of Downhill is typical of the mind that planned it, for its builder, Frederick Hervey, Bishop of Derry, and Earl of Bristol, shaped his own career in the same grandiose and whimsical spirit as he wrought with stone and stucco upon the bleak Derry headland which he describes as "that temple of the winds."

Historians nowadays bid us seek salvation in the penny plain and shun all contact with the twopenny coloured, as we value scientific precision and the spirit of truth. The counsel is sound, but there are characters in history, of whom Hervey is one, whose peculiar quality can no more be captured in black and white than one could use the same medium to suggest the hues of a bird of paradise. In vain does one seek to follow Napoleon's advice about sticking to the facts and not making pictures; the difficulty is that the facts are pictures. Hervey was one of the born romantics endowed with the power that greater men have lacked of embodying character and emotion in acts that live in the mind. This is a gift that comes neither by fasting nor prayer; it may be given to rascals and mediocrities, and denied to heroes and geniuses; but all who possess it, whatever their shortcomings, stamp themselves vividly upon the memory of their fellows.

It was an impulse that led the Bishop of Derry, on his way to the Reform Convention, to halt his escort of Volunteer Dragoons in College Green, and salute, with a flourish of trumpets, the legislators who came thronging to the doors of the Parliament House. But the gesture does more to illuminate the spirit of an epoch than the speeches and state-papers of twenty long years. And it is equally characteristic of the man that the gesture was a gesture and nothing more. There were few, if any, of his contemporaries who saw more clearly that the fatal taint in Grattan's Parliament went deeper down than defects of status or external restrictions upon its powers. When in College Green he confronted entrenched Privilege with disfranchised democracy, he gave visible and dramatic expression to

the demand of the Volunteers for "those rights, without which the forms of a free nation would be a curse." A bigger politician might have hesitated to fling down such a challenge; a smaller, and he made it, would have had a plan prepared by which it could be followed up. Hervey saw what should be done, but he failed to provide himself with the means of doing it. He was like a Joshua who knew that Jericho could be captured, and having mobilised his host before its gates, lacked the driving force to keep them moving round its walls.

His own age found in madness the only explanation of a Bishop of the Irish Establishment, to whom the Penal Laws, instead of being, as with his brethren, the linch-pin of the State, were "a code that would have revolted Draco," who "hated an Aristocratal Government," and spent half his income upon Art instead of upon claret and good living. But Hervey, like Hamlet, was mad only nor'-nor'-west. He could tell a hawk from a heronshaw, tyranny from sound statesmanship, and a "petulant and rapacious oligarchy" from wise leaders of "a high-mettled nation." To Arthur Young he wrote:—"The rights of humanity, dear Arthur, the rights of humanity form a great article in my Creed, and that religion or sect which can teach otherwise may come from below, but surely did not descend from above." The Bishop may have been, as Charlemont said, "a determined Deist and a blasphemer," but neither his Deism nor his blasphemy shocked the select circles in which he moved as did his refusal to believe that a country could flourish "where two-thirds of its inhabitants are still crouching under the lash of the most severe illiberal penalties that one set of citizens ever laid upon the other."

In the main, Hervey has been known to a later age from the records of contemporaries such as Horace Walpole and Charlemont, who disliked him personally, and naturally did not minimise the extravagances and eccentricities that led even his friends to describe him as "the perfect original." Lecky, whose sketch, if more soberly drawn, is only a little less misleading than Froude's brilliant caricature, believed that the Bishop's papers had been lost, and that we must remain dependent upon fugitive gossip and a few bundles of personal letters for our knowledge of the real man. Fortunately the researches of Mr. William S. Childe-Pemberton have brought to light great masses of new material, and in his biography, *The Earl Bishop* (Hurst and Blackett, 2 Vols.), we are shown for the first time the Bishop of Derry, not as others saw him, but as he saw himself. No one could describe Mr. Childe-Pemberton as a great biographer. He has done his job after the fashion of a builder's labourer rather than a builder, stacking the bricks and mixing the cement, and leaving it to others to rear the structure. This may be a drawback from the point of view of artistic biography, but it has the advantage that it gives us the Bishop in the round, as it were. Only in that way can justice be done to the real qualities of the man. Horace Walpole's phrase, "the mitred Proteus," summed up current opinion, and though ill-natured, was certainly not inaccurate. But in the

truer perspective of Mr. Childe-Pemberton's pages, we realise that Voltaire, with whom Hervey had more than one friendly battle of wits, was a better judge than Walpole, when he declared the Bishop was as brilliant as Chesterfield, with more solidity.

Erratic he undoubtedly was, and with the queer Hervey blood, he could not have been otherwise. Even in the sceptical eighteenth century, it was rare for a barrister to turn to Holy Orders as he did, on the ground that "his parts were too lively for the plodding gravity" of the legal profession. According to Mr. Childe-Pemberton, "his strangely compounded nature was not devoid of any tincture of religion," and that is perhaps as much as can be said on the subject. The absence of this tincture was not an obstacle to episcopal preferment in the Ireland of his day, and Hervey's ability "to drink a bottle of Madeira and swear like a gentleman," was no bad recommendation at a time when Archbishop Stone ranked by common consent as one of the hardest livers in the Three Kingdoms. The troubles that assailed him in the early stages of his career were due less to his defects than to his virtues. His insatiable intellectual curiosity, and the fierce energy with which he rode all his hobby-horses, were the worst kind of crime in the eyes of men who were well aware that freedom from prejudice and a bias for seeing both sides of a question were irreconcilable with the maintenance of the system that gave them supreme power both in Church and State.

If Hervey kept enthusiasm out of religion, he put it into everything else he did in full measure, pressed down and running over. We find him planning to finance an Italian explorer to go to Crim Tartary, "where we have lately discovered that some Irish officers had made themselves understood by means of the Erse language." "Allow," he wrote, "that it would be curious to trace this Erse language into Tartary, and perhaps find at last that Babel made no confusion of tongues." He himself hurried all the way from Derry to Dalmatia to investigate basaltic formations analogous to those of the Giant's Causeway, climbed Vesuvius to witness an eruption and approached so near the crater that a red-hot stone "struck me on the right arm, made a wound about two inches deep, tore my coat all to shreds, and by a great effusion of blood, alarm'd my companions more than myself." It was perhaps in commemoration of this adventure that he had his portrait painted more than once in later years with Vesuvius in the background; though his friends and foes alike would have admitted the smoking cone fitly symbolised the volcanic energy which he never failed to display in small things no less than great.

There is something of the gusto of Pepys in his description of the guests at a German watering-place:—

The great parity that is maintained here among all persons gives this place a spirit of elegant but easy republicanism that is very pleasing, and I am sure contributes much to the salubrity of

the waters, and, of course, to the recovery of the patients. At the head of this motley society of princes, peers and citizens stands the amiable, the generous, the spirited, the learned prince of the country, the Prince of Waldeck. . . . Amongst the crowd are expatriated Prime Ministers, exhausted Ministers of the Gospel, Lutherans, Calvinists, Hernhuters, Jews, Greeks, etc., who altogether form a good savoury oggia of society, especially as one can pick out of the dish such pieces as are too luscious or too hard for one's stomach, or even such as do not suit one's palate."

He drinks the waters in his own phrase, *comme un enragé*; and on his travels it was his custom "to ride hithe and thither, backwards and forwards, according to sudden inclination. If he heard of some rare monastic library, or of some curious formation of rocks, or if he received some desirable information likely to further his political schemes, off he would start, regardless of whether or not the *detour* was circuitous or lay remote from his ultimate destination." He has left us a curious account of his mode of progress in his Continental wanderings:—

To-morrow we decamp bag and baggage, and no bad baggage is mine; geese, turkeys, ducks, shoulders and legs of mutton alternately, preceded by two graduate cooks, masters of arts, who arrive just one hour before us—*quando basta* to find our dinner as ready as our appetites. . . . At close of day we close our labours, and then here is our recompense:—

"Soupe,

Bouilli of duck or goose,

Mutton, shoulder or leg,"

and a large bowl of punch in which we bury all fatigue, all thought, and then, as the clock strikes eight, enter the warming pan and *tout est dit*, and all night sleep in Elysium without one single ghost in our dreams.

In Ireland his passion for building won him the nickname of "the Edifying Bishop," and his dearest ambition was to spend "a green old age amongst painters and sculptors, masons and bricklayers." Before Downhill was well finished he had begun a new palace at Ballyscullion, and the later years of his life were devoted to the erection and adornment of a great mansion at Ickworth. He reproaches his daughter for not sending him the plan and elevation of a house which she admired. "A few guineas, my child, would have acquired it, and you know I am not niggard of them, especially where architecture are concerned." No one but a genuine enthusiast could have penned this denunciation of white brick:—

You beg me on your knees that Ickworth may be built of white

stone brick. . . . What! child, build my house of a brick that looks like a sick, pale, *jaundiced* red brick, that would be red brick if it could, and to which I am certain our posterity will give a little rouge as essential to its health and beauty! White brick always looks as if the bricklayers had not burnt it sufficiently, had been niggardly of the fuel; it looks all dough and no crust. I am even looking out for its crust, too. So, my dear, I shall follow dear impeccable Palladio's rule, and as nothing ought to be without a covering in our rain-damp climate, I shall cover house, pillars and pillasters with Palladio's stucco, which has now lasted 270 years.

This letter, in the course of which the Bishop declares Rembrandt "the Homer of Painting," and "Raphael and all the Italians the Minor Poets," was written on "the fortieth day in bed unremittingly, reduced to a shadow . . . my pulse, a pulse of threads scarce to be felt."

His collection of pictures, statues and marbles which the French confiscated when they captured Rome in 1798, was valued at £20,000; and 343 artists resident in Rome vainly petitioned for its restoration on the ground that "this generous Irishman . . . for these forty years past spent the greatest part of his income in employing artists of all nations." Vehemently as he raged against the robbery, Hervey, in the true spirit of the collector, increased instead of diminishing his purchases, spending his remittances so lavishly on works of art that towards the end of each quarter he used to find, according to Lord Cloncurry, "his purse absolutely empty and his credit so low as to be insufficient to buy him a bottle of Orvieto."

The impression of the Bishop as a fribble and a mere epicure in sensations does not survive a perusal of his correspondence. His political adventures, in particular, have caused all the historians to fall foul of him; yet his view of Irish politics, so far being inspired by wayward impulses or springing from a passion for notoriety, remained unchanged in principle and practically in detail for a generation. The only sensational thing about his creed was that it was based upon cold common sense. In two short sentences written as far back as 1779, he summed up the disease and the remedy:—

Place us all on the same footing, and we shall all be equally good subjects; but while Benjamin's Mess is distributed only to a few Episcopalians, you cannot wonder that the rest of the brethren should do something more than murmur. 'Tis unreasonable to expect equal loyalty where there has not been shown equal favour.

Naturally such sentiments horrified his fellow-prelates and the placemen of College Green by their incredible levity and criminal recklessness. And they were still more shocked when Hervey argued his case not from the point of view of fair dealing, but of common prudence, by insisting that

"a million divided Protestants cannot act as a counterpoise to two million united Catholics." This was to reject the whole doctrine of the class-war which the Irish Ascendancy held as firmly and practised even more ruthlessly than the disciples of Marx or Lenin. Conduct of this kind could be explained only on the ground that Hervey was mad, was aiming to make himself king, or, as Horace Walpole seriously suggested, was qualifying for a Cardinal's hat. Yet Hervey's sole crime was that he declined to see Irish problems from the narrow angle of a faction, and insisted upon viewing them as a good European. "When I see Switzerland and Germany," he wrote, "pacified for about 150 years after throat-cutting for 140 by the single means of a reciprocal toleration . . . I must confess if I were Frederick the First of Oceana or of Atlantis, I should not hesitate to begin my reign with that system with which most sovereigns are compelled to close theirs."

He believed the Volunteers provided a lever by which the miracle might be worked. They demanded a reform of Parliament under which the franchise should be extended "to all those, and those only, who are likely to exercise it for the public good." Hervey's object was to persuade them that the only guarantee of proper representation lay in recognising the identity of interests between Catholics and Protestants as against the Ascendancy section. No one doubts now that the Bishop, as Erskine Childers said, "spoke undiluted truth and sense," but his methods were as futile as his ideas were sound. The scarlet and gold of the Derry dragoons, the cavalcade of dashing young parsons who rode beside his carriage, "Fighting Fitzgerald, his nephew, who was prepared to settle all questions at the point of a duelling pistol, and was believed to have laid an ambush for Grattan in the streets of Dublin, though they sounded a martial note that struck the ear of the time and has gone echoing down through history, signified nothing except the sacrifice of hard politics to empty drama.

It is doubtful if the Bishop ever intended to fight; certainly he had failed hopelessly to make any arrangements that would stimulate the mass of the Volunteers to take risks. While his escort was marching and countermarching between the Mansion House and the Rotunda, Northington, in addition to mobilising strong forces of British regulars to cope with an outbreak, was diligently countermining inside the Assembly. The Reformers had neither consolidated their forces nor thought out a line of action, so that it was simple for Castle agents amongst the Volunteers to confuse the proceedings by propounding scores of impossible plans and tying the debates in knots which, as the Bishop found, could not be unravelled by a wave of his gold-tasselled white gloves. To make confusion worse confounded, Hervey and Charlemont, Flood and Grattan were all pulling different ways, and not for the first or last time in Irish politics, were more eager to score at one another's expense than to advance the cause in which all professed to believe. Had a little of the energy and eloquence that for a century and more have gone to denouncing Boyle Roche

and his accomplices for misleading the Volunteers by hard lying, been devoted to eliminating the weaknesses and defects that gave intriguers like Boyle Roche their opportunity, the course of Irish history would have run in different and smoother channels.

After the break down of the Convention, the Government would have arrested Hervey had not Pitt bluntly told his Irish lieutenants not to make fools of themselves. Nothing would have suited Hervey better than a State trial, which would have provided a setting in which his personality would have had freer play for the effects of which he was master than he found in the Rotunda discussions. As it was, he retired to the Continent, where in the intervals of rallying the Italian states to make head against the French Revolution, he bought Titians and Tintoretis by the score, sent home shipload after shipload of statues and casts to Downhill and Ickworth, flirted outrageously with Hamilton's Emma, and scandalised people not easily shocked by wearing with his episcopal purple a miniature of the notorious Countess Lichtenau, who accompanied him on his travels. An Irish girl describes him as she saw him in Rome shortly before his death, in 1803 "sitting in his carriage between two Italian women, dress'd in white Bed-gown and Night-cap like a witch, and giving himself the airs of an Adonis." He certainly cannot be said to have died in the odour of sanctity, yet he is the only prelate of the Established Church whom the Catholics and the Protestants of Derry combined to honour with a memorial, and the obelisk erected by them at Ickworth is a finer tribute to the man than the palaces upon which he lavished a princely fortune.

Crossing the Irish Sea.

By ANDREW E. MALONE.

THE existence of the Irish Sea is one of the great facts which refuses to be ignored. Its existence may be exulted in ; it is exulted in by many people, who say that it forbids one thing as the Atlantic forbids another. By most people, however, its existence is deplored, and they would very gladly dispose of its uses in political argument in return for comfort in travel. And seas are not essential to political geography. This is amply demonstrated by the many benighted countries which have only such trifles as mountains or rivers or merely painted fence-posts to dignify their boundaries. A sea is a boundary to boast about, but the boasting is usually done by those who never desire to cross it. The Irish Sea has been boasted of—it has its admirers. These admirers, however, are rarely travellers or sailors. When Moira O'Neill makes her exiled Ulsterman in America say

Wathers o' Moyle I hear ye callin',
Clearer for half the world between.

she suggests something of the temper of the Irish Sea. There is nothing of the nature of the mill-pond about it, and calm is an adjective not usually used of it in travellers' letters. From the Waters o' Moyle to Carnsore Point it is as lively a sea as the world can show for its size, and if it be not one of the world's Seven Seas it seems to contain many of the qualities often found in association with that mystic number. It has its moods of course, but its dominant mood is one which is never likely to make it a serious competitor with the Mediterranean as a place for convalescents.

Great Caesar had the Mediterranean as a domesticated thing, but his dominions were bounded by the Irish Sea. It never became an integral part of the Roman Empire. The Romans came to it, they saw, and they were conquered. Perhaps that was a pity—perhaps not ! And in our own day that narrow sea has been the cause of grief to Mr. George Moore. Mr. Moore does not like the Irish Sea, and he proposed to defeat it by digging a tunnel beneath its troubled waters. The desire to cross "dry shod from shore to shore" seemed to Mr. Moore to be possible only by train, into which one could climb in London and be whirled undisturbed to Dublin. A magic carpet would, of course, be his ideal, and since he possesses one he is never troubled by a journey. He just places his feet on his carpet in Ebury Street, and dreams himself into Dublin or Paris or Jerusalem.

We, ordinary mortals, have not such magic carpets. We are materialists with bodies to be transported and complex physical mechanism to be

tended. And that malady which is best called *mal de mer* is a potential disturber of our peace. But we must cross the Irish Sea, and in the absence of the tunnel or a magic carpet we imagine the risks, exaggerate the discomforts, magnify memories and distort experiences. Memories of crossings during the War are conjured up ; crossings without lights and with submarines or mines about. Memories of Warrington Junction at 3 a.m. on a morning in December. Or memories of London at 5 a.m. London is no more attractive at 5 a.m. than is Manchester at 3.30 a.m. or Dublin at the same hour. To know that one is to be set adrift in those cities at such hours is enough to kill all the joys of travel. And the joys of travel have been killed for thousands of people.

A narrow sea and a short sea passage are sometimes said to be advantageous, and perhaps there are advantages in daylight travel. But what of the night ? A short passage during which sleep is inconceivable. A landing in the early hours of the morning, bleak, cold, awe-inspiring. A train journey that terminates before citizens have yet finished their beauty sleep. A narrow sea and a short passage are not advantageous for night travel.

All the advantages of night travel for long seemed to be with the citizens of countries with land frontiers and travellers on Atlantic liners. The peoples of, and particularly the travellers between, Great Britain and Ireland seemed to be destined to permanent deprivation of these advantages. Night travel to them represented the maximum of discomfort unless they had more money to spend than the majority of us have. And it seemed likely to remain so.

But it has not remained so. A shipping company has been discovered which makes night travel a joy instead of a terror, and which combines all the good qualities of Mr. Moore's tunnel. Instead of a hustle across the Irish Sea, a disembarkation in the dead of night, and arrival at one's destination while the populace sleeps it is now possible to go to sleep in England and wake in Ireland, or go to sleep in Irish waters and wake in the Mersey, without losing an hour of daylight. Of course the sea passage is longer, and the steamers travel more slowly, but a good night's rest is gained, and that, surely, is a very considerable advantage whether one be travelling on business or for pleasure. It is a joy, too, to reach one's destination at a time when people are awake and cities are alive, instead of in the very early morning when all is hushed and silent.

I have crossed and recrossed the turbulent Irish Sea many times, but always have I done so with misgiving and a certain trepidation. It is not that I am not what is called " a good sailor," because I think I might be called one. Never have I had that malady which is the terror of those who must travel by sea, but I know that it is always possible and I have no desire to tempt fate. The North Sea brought me within close measure of it, and fellow travellers on the Irish Sea have made me familiar with its ravages. I have no desire for closer acquaintance, and now I have found

a way to avoid it when crossing the Irish Sea. Hitherto I have never slept when travelling. I have invariably gone into the Smoke Room and talked or read till the landing stage was reached, and a night's rest had gone into oblivion. Now I have found that such an irreparable loss can be avoided and at the same time I can avoid tempting Fate to destroy my long immunity from sea-sickness. These are boons that only those who travel on the largest ships have hitherto had as a monopoly, almost as a right, but now they are brought within reach of those who travel over the narrow, shallow and oftentimes angry waters of the Irish Sea. The terrors of the Irish Sea have been removed, and never again need any traveller fear them.

Crossing the Irish Sea on the *Lady Limerick* is one of the most delightful experiences which the traveller can hope to have. Leaving Liverpool at 10 p.m., Dublin is reached about 8 a.m., and breakfast can be taken on board should it be so desired. At the usual hour for retirement, one's cabin can be sought, and there the normal routine of home can be followed. Single-berth cabins are provided at nominal charges, and for 5s. a cabin de luxe can be had. These cabins de luxe are surely the acme of travelling comfort? They are furnished like the bedrooms of a first-class hotel, smaller, of course; heated by a radiator and ventilated in the most scientific and thorough manner. Close by is a lavatory and shower bath, with hot and cold water, so that the luxury of a morning bath need not be foregone. When one recalls nights of travel in a smoke-laden atmosphere, without sleep, and the arrival in the early morning, tired, weary, sleepy, dishevelled, and compares it with these facilities, one's faith in material progress, at least, is revived. From this steamer one steps rested, clean and refreshed. Signs of travel, feeling of travel, there are none. It is as if the magic carpet had been a reality. That it had been stepped upon at the Prince's Landing-Stage in Liverpool, and had just landed one at the North Wall in Dublin. At 7.15 a.m. the steward knocks at the door with a cup of tea. Only then it is realised that a steamer and not a magic carpet is the transporting medium. But bathing on a steamer! Yes, the shower awaits, the taps have merely to be turned, and refreshing water does its work. Truly it seems that the resources of civilisation are inexhaustible.

It may seem that these delights of travel are for pleasure—travellers only. Time is money to the busy man—he has no time to waste upon these things! He must get to his destination quickly and get back as quickly. But the business man, too, needs sleep; even he cannot travel two nights consecutively without sleep and do his business properly. The express leaving London at 5.55 p.m. will help him to get to Dublin at 8 a.m. next morning, and he can leave Dublin at 8.30 p.m. the same night, arriving in London again at 12.15 p.m. next day. From Dublin one can have 5½ hours in London, fresh and keen, and be only a single day away from headquarters. So the good things are not reserved for the pleasure-seekers or the leisurely luxury-traveller. They are available for all. Even the short journey from landing-stage to train is done in the British and Irish Steam Packet Company's bus without any charge.

From beginning to end, from London to Dublin, or from Dublin to London, the journey is a joy. Fatigue is banished, and usually fatigue at the end of the journey inspired as much terror as the thought of seasickness at the beginning! No rest is lost. There is comfort, ease, even luxury. And the cost is not greater than if travelling without such aids. Travel on the Irish Sea need never again cause any misgiving, no more trepidation. It can be crossed without strain, without worry, without uneasiness, without concern of any kind, just as if one travelled in one's home or in a good hotel. And surely both business and pleasure may be best pursued after such a crossing. Crossing the Irish Sea is no longer either an adventure or an experience. It is just a joy.

A Ring-Dance while Mother Waits.

By PELLE MOLIN.

Translated from the Swedish. By HUGO CAUDWELL.

PREFARATORY NOTE.

Pelle Molin, author of this tale, left his family at an early age, and went to live in the desolate, upland settlements of Lappland. Here he collected material for the few tales that he published during his life. He was still a young man when he was discovered to have died of starvation. The best of his tales, recognised as masterpieces in Sweden, were collected in one volume, "*Adalens poesi*," by another Swedish author of great repute, Gustaf av Geijerstam. It is from this volume that the "*Ring-dane*" is taken.

It is translated by permission of the publishers.

LUND, SWEDEN, 1924.

AFTER the winding trail over Hästberget, Salmon of Nysvedjan ran on through the night. He had good use now for his experience in running through the forest with the springy stride of the Lapp: he had an endless trail, and great need of haste. He still had a good stretch before the settlement, and, after that, three miles more before . . . *What was that?*

There was a crackling of dry twigs, as though beneath a heavy body.

. . . before, in two hours time, he could reach that slow-moving, deep-sleeping woman whom he knew so well from former occasions of the sort. So many hundreds of eager men had banged on her walls and door, while the sweat, cold sometimes with agony, drew pale lines down their seldom-washed faces! As for her, she took it all professionally, turned and twisted in her warm bed, and wondered which of the wives it was whose turn had come. . . . *Yes, but what was that?*

A violent sniffing broke the nocturnal peace of the forest. Salmon understood, but ran on, supple and elastic as a steel spring.

To-night he could not wait so patiently as before . . . danger was afoot in the settlement home; he would break her window and drag her out of her professional calm by the hair. . . . God in Heaven! . . . A human life was at stake! . . . Let her complain afterwards to committee and priest of Salmon of Nysvedjan. . . . *Ho, ho! Look there!*

A savage growling, changing at once to a coughing roar, broke out a few yards ahead. Salmon had understood for some time that a bear was in the vicinity, but—so near and of that calibre! He stopped abruptly. "I'll give him time to cool down and clear off," he thought.

From the windfallen trees and the brushwood the beast rose up on two legs, showing its chalky white teeth and open jaws, red as blood. "That's

your style, is it?" said Salmon. With a cat-like spring he reached a withered fir-branch of the winter's felling, cast a quick glance round him, and ran on to a bigger fir. Things were not going well. What fool had been along and tickled up the bear's skin with lead, scorched him and made him crazy—and taken to his heels? "We shall see. . . . It'll blow over," muttered Salmon angrily.

The bear advanced in roaring fury straight towards him. This was getting serious; thank God for the thick fir. It was worth the money to an unarmed man! Now, if only he had quick enough eyes and his sure feet as of old—otherwise anything might happen.

A bear is not the hulking, hairy lump people usually imagine. In the moment of its fury it stretches its powerful legs in long, springing strides far faster than a sinewy, fleet-footed man can run. There is a crashing in the woods; twigs and dry branches crackle under its feet; broken stumps are scattered like chaff at its sides; slender firs are bent down like hay. Then, if it has a bone to pick with a lone man in the forest, it is all over in two blood-red minutes, save by the mercy of God.

Hardly had the settler reached his fir before the brute was so close on his heels that he felt the rush of air. But now Salmon stood in shelter, and strained his keen, light blue, mountain-dweller's eyes towards the hairy fellow, ready to leap away like lightning from its hug, ready to run round, always keeping the fir between himself and the other in the dance that was to begin. He felt the sinews of his knees standing out like bands of flexible steel, and the hand which lay on the fir-trunk felt no sign of a tremor. . . . Here it came, the hairy brute!

A semi-circular jump, and Bruin hurtled by, barely a foot from him. The abortive charge ended in an abrupt halt in the moss, where the bear's snout ploughed a little track. A clamorous roar. . . . the moss was torn up in a sudden wheeling round . . . scattered in a cloud . . . and the bear came on again in blind fury . . . made a sudden halt by the tree as it saw Salmon dodge . . . rushed after him, but could not keep to so narrow a circle as Salmon; its body was too long . . . and the result was that it shot backwards and forwards at sharp angles . . . spun round quickly and veered about like a frightened pig . . . turned back . . . charged . . . gave a reverberating roar . . . rent the moss so that the meagre, sandy soil peeped out with oblong yellow eyes . . . but always passed on one side of Salmon. Twigs cracked, and all the small stones grated and rattled.

The sun had gone down a good while before—quite an hour. But it was as light as daytime. It was just after mid-summer, when, in our up-country Swedish settlements, there is no night for the two hours when the sun sleeps.

The sky was a lustrous gold, with little clouds edged with fire in the west. Salmon and the bear, the one raging and noisy, the other swift and silent, danced in the faery light their passionate ring-dance on Hastberget.

And mother lay in agony at home !

Salmon was first among bear-hunters in the district. Right away to Dorotea parish there was not a man who had had such fortune in the bear-haunted forest. Up to date he had shot more than twenty bears, that was known for a fact. He himself said twenty-five, and it might be true. But never before this night of suffering, distress and urgency, had he seen a bear to match this one. He could not explain this inconceivable fury . . . and that obstinate, charging devil: had it perhaps been hunted and wounded, had it been robbed of its cubs? No, there was never a drop of blood on the brown hairs.

Not a shot had been heard in the forest since the capercailzie had ceased to call. Now it was just a question of being able to save one's skin.

Bruin's little piercing eyes glowed. The hair on his back lay back close and smooth. He had drawn his ears in to his head. There was something of freezing determination about this comrade of the forest. Without a moment's pause he hunted the lean settler, running round and round in circles, trying to diminish them, and come straight on his enemy, but always overshooting the mark, always forced to turn at a sharp angle. Salmon's hands were hot with this uninterrupted chafing of the rough fir bark. Perhaps they had been on the run for ten minutes, perhaps less, perhaps more. Think what might happen before anyone could come out there and end the story! And mother was at home struggling with death! He shouted—

" He-e-e-elp ! Hallo-o-o-o ! "

In a moment of silence, Salmon could hear the dogs of the settlement, as they sat out on the cabin steps listening to one another's barks and barking in answer, till a dozen voices were blended. The harsh voice of the juryman's elk-hound could be heard time after time, but the yelling, melancholy, ominous barking of the church-warden's bitch was like a long string without knots or ends. . . . Would never a peasant waken under his sheep-skin pelt, get up and silence them, hear what was going on a mile and a half away in the forest, and come to his help?

" Hallo-o-o ! Hoy ! "

And Bruin continued his manœuvres; could anyone understand such savagery? Sometimes he grazed the firs so closely that his fur was rubbed, but Salmon was always some inches to one side, cool-eyed, while the sweat ran down him in little streams under his clothes. He had first trampled great holes in the lovely moss with his birch-bark shoes, then made great rents in it, finally torn it away altogether, and now he ran round a trampled circle of naked earth. One of his birch-bark shoes had come loose and been lost, while the other still clung fast, but so split open that his bleeding toes appeared.

And mother who had laboured the whole evening through—and was waiting . . . waiting!

Bruin changed his tactics. Instead of constantly running, he began

to plunge, to fling from side to side, to roll over, to slew round on his rump, as bears do when they pursue a hunter who has taken up a position by a tree, so that they can neither reach him nor catch him by running on all fours. I tell what has been told to me.

Then he bounded up and down alternately on front feet and back, but between every motion he transfixed Salmon with his piercing, infuriated, little eyes.

The cottager of Nysvedjan was afire. Not from fear of the bear, but with gnawing anxiety for mother at home in the cottage—with three weeping children round her, waiting for the fourth . . . yes, it was not so good a thing to be alone and poor in the heart of the forest, far from other men and help in time of distress! God help the poor man in this world!

Salmon slipped round the fir, and his thoughts slipped, too.

And when he had run out from his cottage with his ears filled with wailing, with misery rising and falling in restless waves in his soul, he had felt like a rolling, grey ball of wool cast out by a wood sprite, with faery spells and invisible hands, upon its dark and secret path.* It was within him that the force lay that had driven him forth that light mid-summer night. And now he was nailed fast to Hasteberget, his own old Hastberg, where he had encountered so much of danger and good fortune. . . .

The bear rolled over, and Salmon slipped round, his arms clasped about the fir.

. . . As that time—he could see the place here—when he had saved his life with a shot when the bear had advanced to the very tips of his skis. Or once when Bruin was lying on a newly-mauled heifer, chewing her udders while she yet lived. She had flung her head about wildly, making the bell ring so strangely that it could not belong to a beast which was grazing or chewing the cud. . . . Yes, that bear had shown its teeth . . . run a little way into the fir-copse, but returned roaring towards Salmon and his companion. Salmon had driven a dry fir-branch into its jaws, and his comrade had stood with their only weapon, an axe, ready poised. "Come on, you—you—damned old devil!" and the bear had turned.

Never had Salmon seen the like of his comrade's panic on the way home after that. The trembling wretch had seen a bear behind every tree and every rock in the autumn evening, and constantly glanced to either side: "There he is, Salmon—God save us!" Yes, there had been strange times in the wood up there!

Bruin continued his frenzied fury. Pine-needles and moss hung in his fur. He was steaming. A great tit twittered; what could that be? Who could that be that had no time to sleep in the short space when the sun itself slept in that lovely summer night?

And now the monster sat back on its haunches for a moment, but was driven on again by his burning blood, and came—came towards the tree

*A reference to Swedish folk-lore.

where it stopped with a loud panting some few inches from Salmon. It looked as though the bear's idea was, in this way, to frighten his unattainable foe from his stronghold. His jaws grinned, half-open. In the chill night, Bruin's breath was visible like thin steam. Salmon felt a cold shiver down his back; it was as though his skin shrank. Unconsciously he gripped his sheath-knife . . . must he give his life? The bear had its head close against the fir; two feet above Salmon had his hand. There were not ten inches between the bear's jaws and the settler. If it could only knock the man down, separate him from the fir, the rest would be the work of a minute.

Salmon took sure hold with his left hand, aimed at the bear's left eye, and sank the long-bladed knife with a swift movement. Something red and warm spouted up his arm, whatever that might be. A feeling of pain shot through his shoulder, and while the bear, crazed by the blow, leapt high in the air, where it stood, high in the air like a ball, with a hellish howl, Salmon saw that his coat was split and his skin torn. He knew now that the game was not to end before one of them lay cold and still. If the prospect of a decision on good terms had before been slight, now there was none. Clearly it was a question now for Salmon, the Bear-killer, whether he was still Salmon, the Bear-killer. One of their lives was to be spilt, but hardly the bear's . . . in such an unequal struggle. Salmon thought: "It is not I who am to become a widower to-night; it is mother who is to be a widow . . . mother who is waiting for me."

Bruin danced as though possessed, foaming, clamorous, howling. He ran in circles no longer. He stood upright against the tree, and snapped round either side at the settle. The bark was torn and fell to the ground in great flakes under the regular lashing of the claws. The tatters of Salmon's clothes, too, came in for their share. His shoulder was half-naked and wet with blood, but the hand which held the knife moved incessantly, and was always ready.

The sun rose. The mountain in the south, which could be seen from there, stood out dreamy and violet, save for the summit, which was awake and shining red in the sunshine. This was the day when Salmon should have been home with help . . . home in the cottage . . . which was now to be lonelier than ever . . . the children hunted out into the settlement to beg and starve . . . father away for good . . . a tale from the mountain settlement . . . a tale of the wilderness, real, sombre, such as tales can well be up here.

What followed passed with whirling speed.

Once again the bear returned to its lungings, rollings, sommersaults, and experiments in the higher gymnastics. Salmon's eyes were blue and cold, like a night sky in frost—straying never for a moment from that jumping brute, which, when in reach, always encountered a knife wielded with the swiftness of lightning. Salmon crouched down, rose again, stole, dodged, glided round the tree. His birch-bark shoe was trodden through and had

slipped up over his ankle, where, from time to time, it twisted round, making red rings on the skin. His left hand, the hand which slid round and supported him, was swollen and covered with blisters, some big and full, others burst, empty and smarting.

Once it happened that Salmon sank on his knees. Then he had the beast barely two feet from him. Before he rose again he had the bear's eye close to him, felt a hot, stenching breath as the bear's jaws opened and shut with a snap, and opened again. It was so near that Salmon had lost the feeling of his protecting fir. It darkened before his eyes for one single second, but in the next he had slipped away backwards—and in the next again, when he thought that the moment of his death had come, the knife rose and sank into something soft, and—Salmon the Bear-killer was on his feet again!

Bruin slipped down from his upright position, and rushed blindly after him, sought to cut round, and actually made two swift circles not far from the tree; but when he tried to close in, the speed was too great, and the effort ended with a long charge and an abrupt turn. He roared. Strips of intestine swung swaying from a wound. Dust and earth and moss and pine-needles disguised their real colour. They looked like grey rags on a brown jacket.

The sun reached the top of the fir where the battle-field lay. Bruin rose on his hind legs, facing the settler of Nysvedjan, advanced, gripped the fir round the waist as though it were that that should be floored. His paws smacked together on the other side. Salmon took firm hold of the right paw, leant swiftly over to the right, and sank the knife, one, two, three times between the bear's ribs, aiming at the heart. Salmon's lips were blue, shrunken; his tongue was dry in his mouth; his eyes glittered. Salmon was still Salmon the Bear-killer.

Bruin sank down to the ground, rolling away backwards, but bounded up again, ran in a whirling circle through the bushes, which bent like sedge, returned, advanced once more in the stance of a wrestler, tasted once more the long knife, and spun about.

Salmon was in a strange state of mind. Within him, it seemed, red waves ebbed and flowed, the ground rose and fell beneath him, his eyes could not see properly. . . . "It would be silly to faint now," he thought, and drew a deep breath. "I must not die for mother's sake."

Something stirred up in the crown of the fir. "That's a bold bird that sits up there," thought Salmon, and reached out to cut at the bear once more, once more between the ribs.

Salmon could never clearly separate what happened next when he would tell the story. But Bruin had fallen like a hay-sack and wallowed. He had jumped up and down on the spot and howled aloud. He had made short, swift, rushing lunges where he stood, he said. His unhurt eye had flashed like a coal of fire, and pierced like an awl, but the other had been hidden with congealed blood, he said. At every step, at every gasping sigh, a

stream of blood had issued like a thick whip, thick as a cart-shaft, he averred, and that things went as they did depended largely on the fact that Bruin had not given himself time to stop a moment, to draw the skin over the wounds and twist the hair over them into a cord, as bears will sometimes do, so he said and asserted. Whether he lied or not, I do not know. For the rest, he was not the only man who has had such things to relate. There are many strange tales from our woods here in the north.

The sun had risen high. A gleaming thread of gold crept through the needles and leaves to the fir of the battle to see what was afoot. Round about, thrushes and finches were singing. The hazel-hen whistled in the fen and the crane called from the marsh. The wind blew from the settlement to-day.

Once more the bear stood erect against the fir, but the jaws he opened were full of blood from the pierced lungs. Once again Salmon stole away in a semi-circular movement, and once again used the knife. It sank right home in the heart. Once again: it found the throat. And the sinking, bleeding, hairy mass took raging blow on blow . . . in the chest . . . in the head . . . in the paws . . . in the side. . . "Take that!" yelled Salmon, and swore a terrible oath. "Take that! . . . That for mother! . . . That for the children! . . . That for the whole night, you devil of Satan! Die, will you! . . . Die! . . . Die! . . . Die!"

The bear's last roar was choked half-uttered, and, as though an autumn rain misting a window-pane, Salmon saw, through sweat and tears, how Bruin rose again, fell, rose, shook spasmodically, fell once more, and—lay there.

Salmon sank down at the foot of the fir. He was dead tired and aching in every joint; he felt it now. His right hand hung as a dead man's, but still held the knife. As he lay thus, some sunbeams fell on him and kissed his cheek.

He blinked his eyelids, seeking to baffle sleep. He thought: should he continue on his errand? . . . it might be, yes . . . or should he turn back and weep over the corpse at home? There was an absorbing anguish within him. He could not escape disaster that day, whatever happened. The poor man must be aware that he exists in this world. Whom could he find to bear the corpse across the forest on Saturday? . . . it was dear . . . the coffin must be unpainted, as poor folk's coffins usually are . . . the district juror had planks down at the Lillsjo saw-mill . . . the district juror was the hardest miser in existence . . . a crowd of men are bearing a long box over the causeway at Langmyran . . . they've thrown it aside! . . . they're running round a tree after a bear . . . it is mother who is lying waiting for them . . . she must always wait. . . .

And so Salmon slept.

Half an hour later there is something which stirs in the fir-top. It

sticks out a head, draws it back, and sticks it out on the other side. It is the mother bear's cub. It is uncertain of the meaning of this deep stillness after that long uproar. But it sees that mother has made peace, and that other, too, and it longs to come down. It has felt no little fear up there. Now it sets its claws in the trunk and begins, very slowly, to shuffle down. It goes gradually at first. . . .

It was no sane man's look on Salmon's face when he was awakened by a heavy mass which fell down on him. There was about him something of a hunted quarry, as he rushed on his way towards the settlement, a terrified grey bundle, with a suggestion of a tail between its legs. There was no sign of the night's hero, of Salmon the Bear-killer. It was only a starved settler, tattered and alone, who ran for his poor life.

Book Reviews.

A LIGHT TO THE BLIND.

THE HIDDEN IRELAND. By Daniel Corkery. Gill & Son, Dublin. 12s. 6d. net.

In the Queen's Hall, London, more than a quarter of a century ago, at the Annual Festival of the Gaelic League, I heard a traditional Irish singer for the first time in my life. I was born within the range of the flight of a cross-bow's goose-shaft from Dublin Castle. My earlier years glided by in dear old Eblana. I was as proud of what I believed my Nationality to be as were Grattan, Tone, Davis, John O'Leary. The wisest professor could not have puzzled any of us inseparable boys, William Rooney, Arthur Griffith, and myself, on any words or actions of those great men. Up to that hour neither Griffith nor I had heard a stream of vernacular Irish. We would have been grossly insulted if anyone had called us Palesmen. Yet such we were unknowingly. As the lady sang, I felt an inexplicable, an almost chemical change, in my being. Not in London was I, but in mediæval Ireland, with my mother crooning over my cradle in that unknown speech. Later I wooed a maid with the tongue of the singer. Unlike Wordsworth before the Highland Girl, I did not ask plaintively of anyone to tell me what she sang. I *felt* in every pulsating vein, in every tingling nerve, that I had been re-incarnated. The songstress threw my soul centuries back into an Ireland which, up to that delicious hour, I knew not: yet I cannot explain why, I *felt* was the Real Ireland: I was the heir of countless Gaelic ages. As she sang on, I experienced the resurrection of a sub-conscious self, or, rather, a self of which I had not hitherto had the faintest inkling, but which she made as palpable as the chair on which I was seated. I was as Esau would have been if that pious rogue Jacob (that is not his name in Irish History) had not stolen his birth-right from him. I floated on air, my spirit adrift. When the stammering criticism in which I had vainly tried to express my ecstatic emotions in crude words, appeared in print, the Singer was kind enough to say that she was proud to know that her message of maternal love, of youthful yearnings, and of National pride, had found a sound-board in one heart, at least, of that vast audience.

You cannot compare dissimilar things—a lily with a rose, oxygen with chlorine, a square to a rectangle. Still, Daniel Corkery cannot be approached otherwise—he, too, has thrown a bridge across the centuries. His material is different, but he swings the invisible bridge, too. It is built of the Spirit, Pride of Race, and the best of all knowledge, Love. No one but a passionate devotee could have produced such an overwhelming sea of enthusiasm. There is no gush, no sentimentality. Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh. When he writes of the Hidden Ireland—Gaelic Ireland, or rather a thing part of it—the part, Euclid notwithstanding, *is* equal to the whole—his pen is a pen of gold. He is a stylist, not as so many others are, who, having nothing to say, try to say it in gorgeous phrases; he is an artist who strives to adorn his creations fittingly, because fine thoughts are worthy of beautiful dress. I do not say that there are not the slattern and the dowdy hastily crowded into his linguistic gallery: there are. But I do say that there is a very world of happy, vivid, picturesque, and arresting phrases within the covers of this stimulating book.

Ireland, from the Cromwellian Plantation to a little more than a century onwards, is his period. It was the era of extermination and of the Penal Laws: "the reign of Anti-Christ," is Dr. Sigerson's graphic touch. Depending on Lecky and the authorities cited therein, he has drawn the true, terrible lineaments of an era when God and his angels seemed to have slept whilst the historic Irish nation was stretched on the rack. Mr. Corkery has not hidden anything of the religious, social, industrial, or economic horror of the epoch. It is Lecky's canvas of chilling terror, likewise. He girds at Lecky too insistently for mistaking the surface for the core, the body for the soul. As well blame a blind man for being insensitive to colour, or the deaf for failing to enjoy the concord of sweet sounds. I know that that great historian would have chronicled the life of Gaelic Ireland in the XVIII century had he been aware of its existence, been able to apprehend its spirit. Two of the illuminating authorities used, with conspicuous success, to portray the Big Houses of the Gael, were not available to Lecky. Mr. Corkery himself could not have written much of this volume without his predecessor's toil and learning. Lecky's work is the History of the English in Ireland, his a History of Gaelic Munster in the same century. Our author has succeeded, not in being what he modestly styles a player of "the not unnecessary part of *vulgarisateur*" to the historians of the specialised Gaelic writers of the period, but as their interpreter and illuminator. For one familiar with O'Daly's "Poets and Poetry of Munster," and Eirionnach's (Dr. Sigerson's) collection, this is a revealing work, fuller of light, deeper in knowledge. He clarions the yearnings, the hope, the pride, the defiance of Gaeldom. He takes you by the hand and leads you into the Big House of the old Irish Aristocracy, among the erudite but poverty-rent professors and students of The Bardic Schools, into the Courts of Poetry, into the S.W. corner of Munster, the Attica of Irish Ireland, into Sliabh Luachra, its Hymettus. Our guide charms you with his lore, and fills you with pride of blood. You have the consciousness of a re-birth, of a restoration to a long-lost heritage. He makes the Poets sing for you—Egan O'Rahilly, Owen Roe O'Sullivan, Brian Merriman, all delightful, roystering, and informing fellows. As historic documents their verse has a value that no State Paper can claim, for it is the eye, the voice, and the heart of the Gael. You realise how "the single man in his shirt," as Dean Swift characterised Irish Ireland, had the peerless spirit to front the "ten men well armed" (England), generation after generation, certain of defeat, yet always unconquered. No other nation has a more sublime figure in its history.

It is a noble, a thrilling tale, of the ancient Irish passion for learning, fostered by the "pariahs" of the mud cabins in the bogs and shielings on the mountain sides. In culture and knowledge, Paris or Vienna or Madrid was nearer than

London or Dublin to the Gael : not merely in this century but throughout the Middle Ages. Arthur Young noted with surprise that in spite of inhibitory laws "hedge schools were everywhere." He vouched for the high Continental culture of some of the Anglo-Irish families. This citation will vision forth what a bit of the Hidden Irland was in Penal Days :

"On Sunday evenings throughout the summer season a 'patron' or dancing festival was held at Faha, and in the plain beneath, a vigorous hurling match was carried on. . . . The whole district on both sides of the river was permeated with the spirit of learning and of song. The O'Rahillys, the O'Scannells, the O'Sullivan, and other families included men of conspicuous ability and no mean poetical talents. Between the people on either side of the river a rivalry, reminding one of the supposed derivation of that word, sprang up in hurling and in poetry. The people grew critical : each new poem or song was subjected to a severe examination, and if approved, was inserted in a book specially kept for the purpose, called *Bolg an t Soláthair* (The Wallet of the Provider). In the winter evenings the neighbours assembled to see what new piece was added to the *bolg*, and thus a constant stimulus to poetic effort was maintained. Native music, too, was fostered with native song, and an Irish piper was an institution at Faha which the surrounding rent-crushed villages could not afford. The academy at Faha prepared students for the more advanced seminary at Killarney, where candidates were educated for Holy Orders, and not a mere grinding establishment, but fostered poetry and music, and supplied a strong stimulus to the efforts of genius. The course comprised, besides Irish, English, Latin and Greek. In Greek Homer seems to have been a favourite, and in Latin, Virgil and Caesar and Ovid."

Such, from the inside, were the folk whom the veracious penmen of England and the Pale, labelled "ignorant savages."

The Irish played a more prominent part in the Rebellion of 1745 than Mr. Corkery knows. From France drafts from the regiments of Dillon, Ruth, and Lally, arrived in Scotland. A contemporary records that "they were of great value" to Bonnie Prince Charlie. It is likely every unit of the Irish Brigades would have flocked to his standard were it not for the vigilant English war-ships. Many troops from the regiments of Clare, Bulkeley, Berwick, and Fitz-James, were captured in transit by these unsleeping sea-dogs. There was nothing "Flemish" in the common speech of Forth and Bargy, Co. Wexford. A dip into the learned Poole's "Dialect of Forth and Bargy" will convince Mr. Corkery that it was old English.

To the majority of Irishmen their Gaelic past is an undiscovered country. This book will prove a Light to the Blind. Joyce's "Social History of Ireland," Hyde's "A Literary History of Ireland," Green's "The Making of Ireland and its Undoing," have been accounted, by foreign scholars, the most illuminating of recent volumes on Ireland's past. "Hidden Ireland" will form, with them, a revealing quartette.

Mr. Corkery, as you have increased my knowledge of, and so my admiration for, Eire, I doff my hat to you in gratitude for your feast of learning and of affection for our Mother !

SEAN GHALL,

AN ANATOMY OF POETRY. By A. Williams-Ellis. Basil Blackwell, Oxford. 7s. 6d. net.

Mrs. Williams-Ellis is described on the paper covering of her book as "Poetry Editor and one of the chief literary critics of *The Spectator*." On page 157 she writes: "For the last two or three years the entire output of published English verse has passed through my hands." So it is evident she is in a position to speak with such authority on her subject as experience can give. And yet the

first section of the book, "Modern Thought and Modern Poetry," seems to me the weakest portion of her work. The chapters that interested me most were numbers 18 and 19 on "The Vices and Virtues of the Old and New Critics." Indeed she seems to understand the critics, on the whole, better than the poets.

I cannot commend Mrs. Williams-Ellis' prose style. At her best she is clear and intelligible. At her worst she is simply awful. For instance—page 84.

"Another effect of the mere length of a poem is that the reader gets into the mood of it. The poet dare attempt to be more strange or subtle in his atmosphere in a long poem."

And she apparently feels no incongruity in writing: "Only the best art can ultimately 'deliver the goods.'"

It seems curious that "one of the chief literary critics of *The Spectator*" should write in this slipshod fashion. If one can ignore the style, the matter will repay perusal. She does not write illuminatingly about her poets. She rather measures them, or sums them up, in a careful, conscientious and intelligent fashion.

MICHAEL ORKNEY.

TRISTRAM AND ISEULT. By An Pilibín. The Talbot Press, Dublin.

Some of our recent poets are exhibiting an unexpected character in their verse—a sort of desperate high-water-mark of technique that shuts the door to inspiration as effectively as though it were banged. I feel I must include An Pilibín in this category. He has caged and cooped a portion of the story of Tristram and Iseult in verse so carefully woven and offenceless that it seems to me to have lost all trace of the passion of individuality. His style is cultured and melodious and brings a measured sense of delight. But how can one reconcile this with the deep, raging, engulfing passion of the story of Tristram and Iseult? He may have felt it himself, but I cannot feel it when reading his verse. Or he may have wished to tone it down, and turn it into something decorative or picturesque. If the latter be true, I think he has succeeded in his intentions. Or it may be I am senseless to the appeal of his verse. I can see its admirable style; but further than that I cannot go.

MICHAEL ORKNEY.

MODERN MASTERS OF ETCHING, No. 2. James McBey. London: The Studio. 5s. net.

By the publication of their fine series, "Modern Masters of Etching," the Studio has added one more to that long line of services it has rendered to artists, students and art-lovers in general, since, in 1893, it brought to public notice the work of the greatest of modern black and white artists. In No. 2 of the Series we are given twelve finely reproduced etchings by an equal master in another art, James McBey. Mr. Malcolm C. Salaman, who provides an appreciative and illuminating introduction, is certainly best qualified to speak of McBey's work, for it was he who in 1913 (again in the Studio) first hailed the genius of the young artist and foretold that fame which has (as happens, alas, too rarely) come to him at a comparatively early day. We commend to all those collectors who cannot afford to purchase the original etchings, these reproductions, which convey so faithfully the feeling of the originals, at a figure so moderate as to be within the reach of all.

THE DUBLIN MAGAZINE.

Contents for May, 1925.

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The Subscription Rate for THE DUBLIN MAGAZINE is 14s. 6d. per annum, post free to any address.

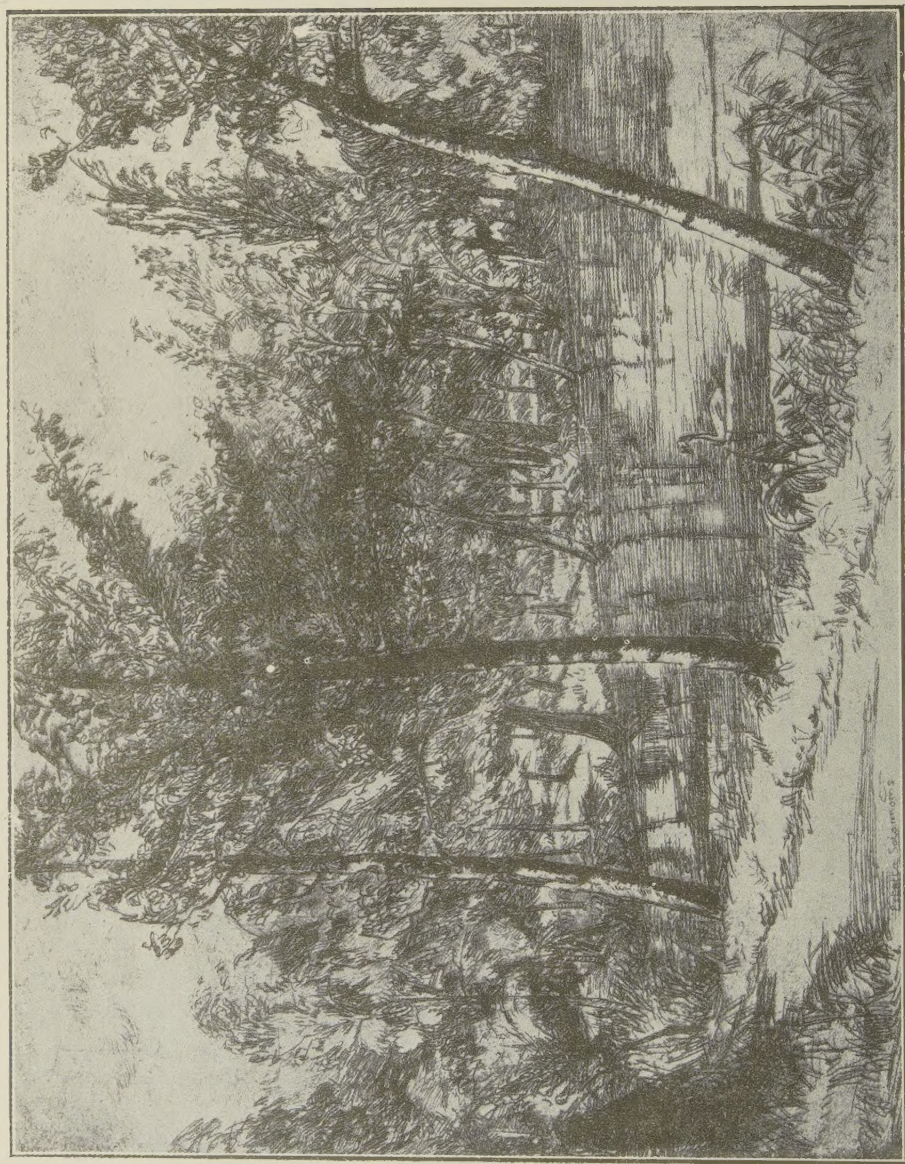
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Dublin : Dublin Publishers, Ltd., 9 Commercial Buildings.
London : Elkin Mathews, Cork Street, W.1.

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From an Etching

BY ESTELLA F. SOLOMONS.